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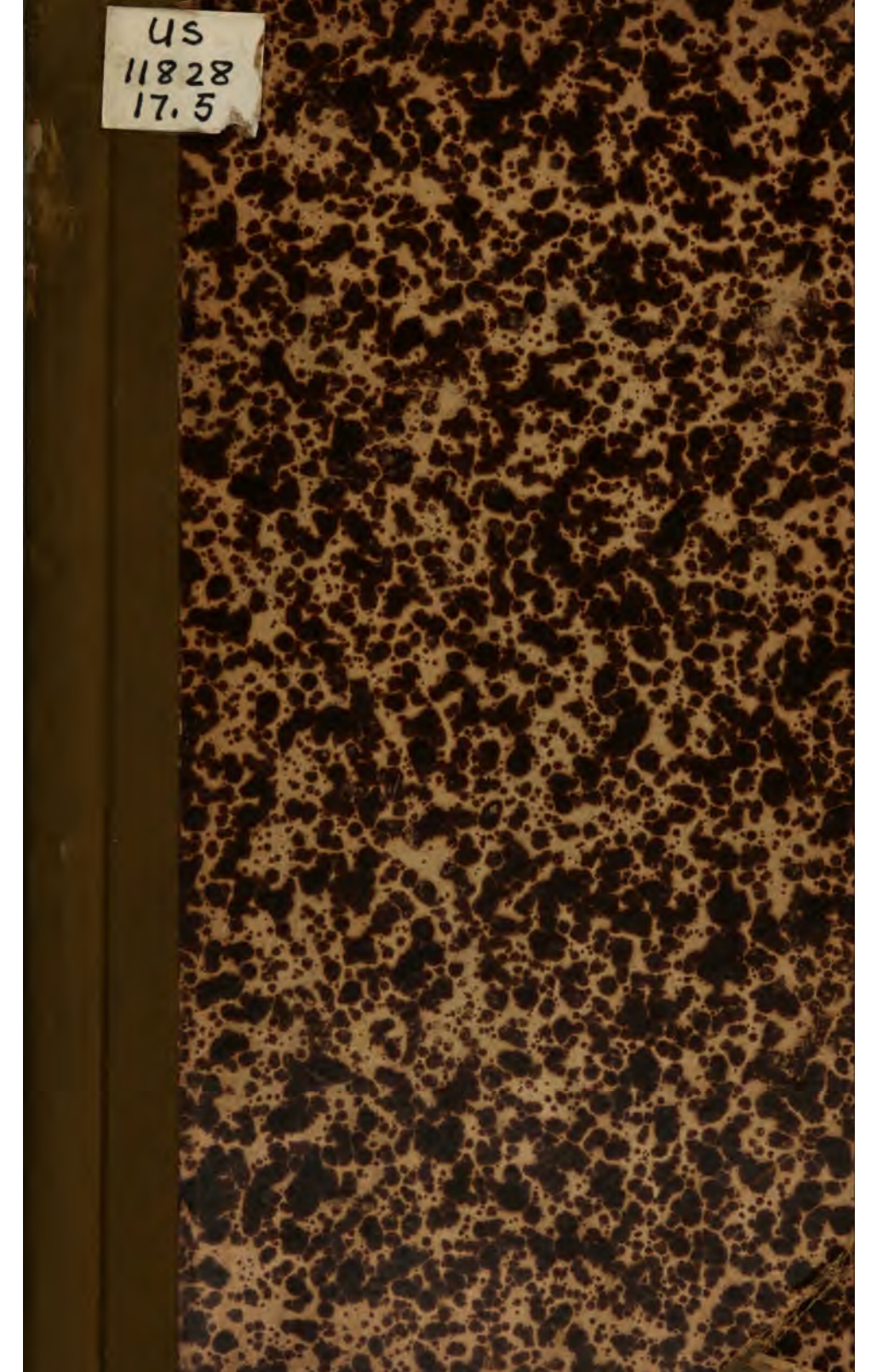
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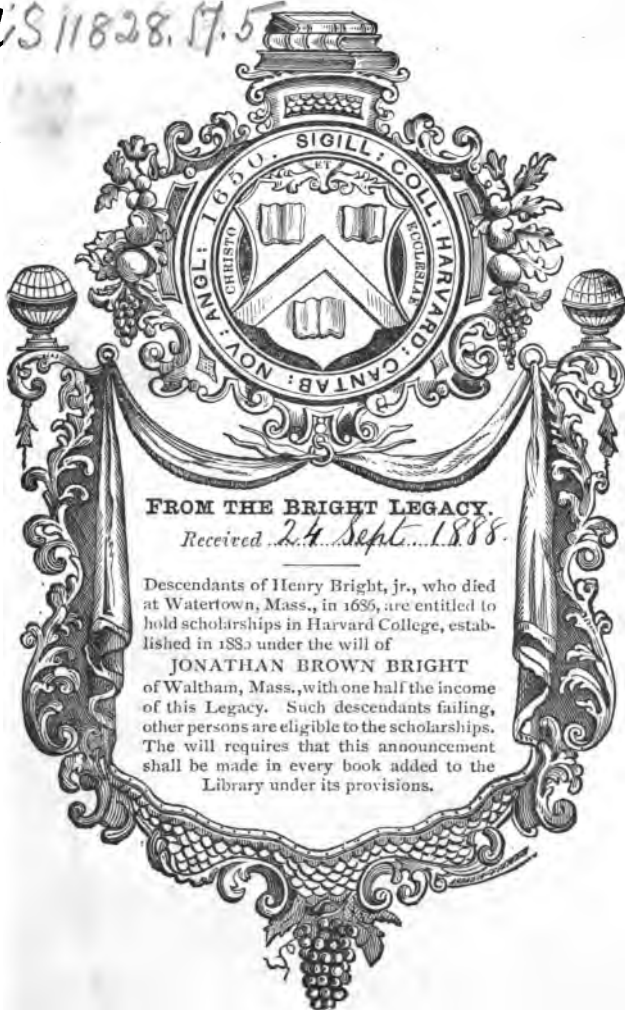
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FROM THE BRIGHT LEGACY.

Received *24 Sept. 1888.*

Descendants of Henry Bright, jr., who died at Watertown, Mass., in 1685, are entitled to hold scholarships in Harvard College, established in 1883 under the will of

JONATHAN BROWN BRIGHT
of Waltham, Mass., with one half the income of this Legacy. Such descendants failing, other persons are eligible to the scholarships. The will requires that this announcement shall be made in every book added to the Library under its provisions.

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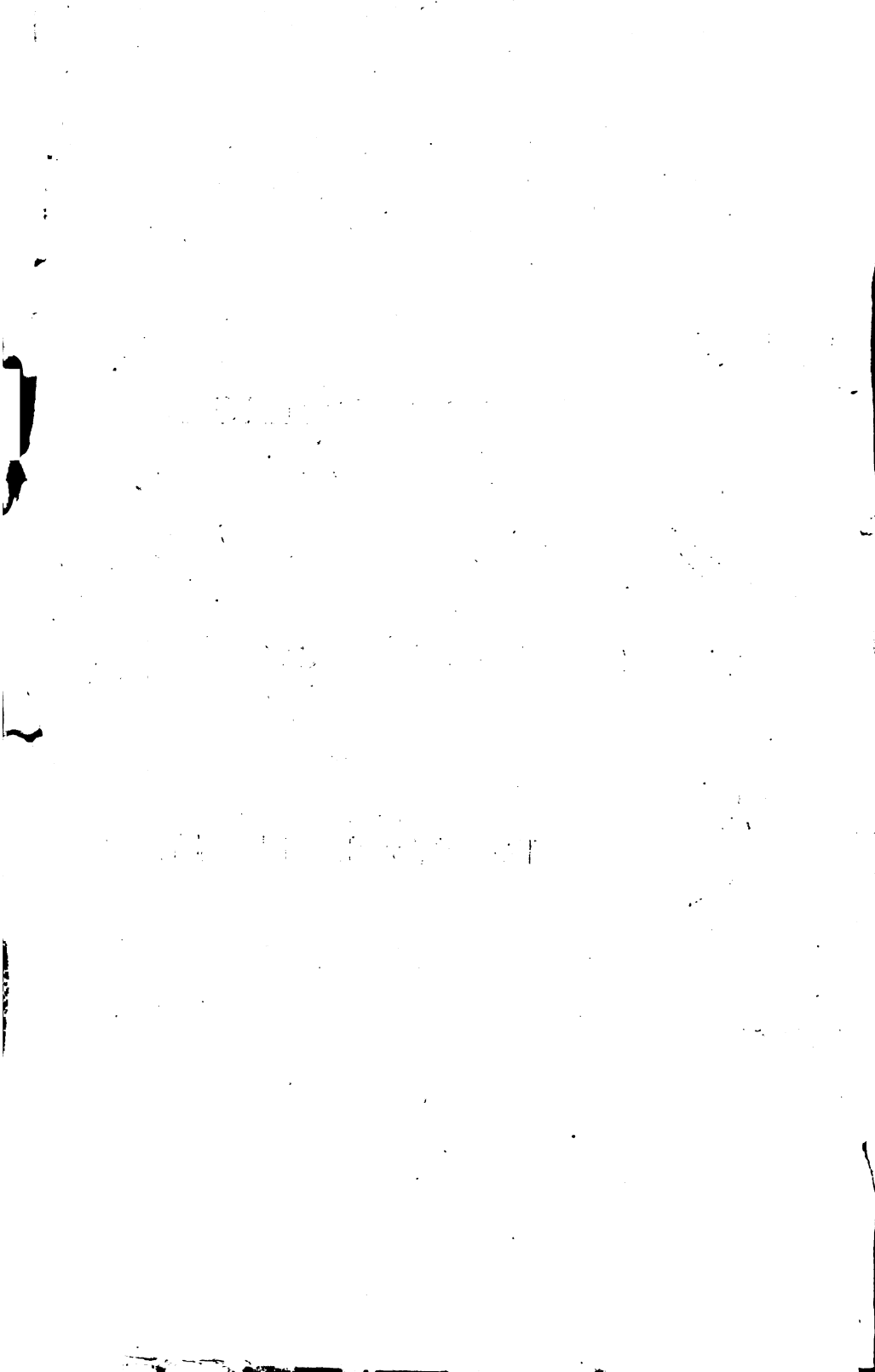
PROCEEDINGS
OF THE
CENTENNIAL
CELEBRATION,

AT

Bradford, N. H.

SEPT. 27, 1887.





PROCEEDINGS
OF THE
BRADFORD
Gentennial Celebration

AT
Bradford, Merrimack Co., N. H.

On Tuesday September, 27, 1887.

Incorporated September 27, 1787.



BRADFORD, N. H.
A. P. HOWE & SON, PUBLISHERS.
1887.

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Bright Fund

PREPARATION FOR, AND PROCEEDINGS IN CONNECTION WITH THE CEN- TENNIAL CELEBRATION.

At the Annual Meeting, March 8, 1887, the town voted to celebrate its Centennial Anniversary, and voted the sum of two hundred dollars to defray the expenses connected therewith, and chose a committee to arrange and execute all business necessary towards its successful issue. This committee was as follows:—
CHARLES F. DAVIS, HORACE K. MARTIN, and GEORGE S. MORGAN.

The committee held their first meeting in June and chose Charles F. Davis Secretary and Treasurer. They met as often as occasion required, and invited Hon. Bainbridge Wadleigh and Hon. John Q. A. Brackett to deliver addresses. Mrs. Frank Cressy of Concord, was invited to prepare a poem for the occasion. All responded heartily to the duties assigned them. Subcommittees were appointed, and with unsparing labor and care we made ready for the day.

Two hundred and seventy requests, in form as follows, were sent by mail.

CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION.

BRADFORD, N. H. JUNE 27, 1887.

To the citizens of Bradford :

The Centennial Committee respectfully request that each family in town should send to the Post Master in said Bradford the names and addresses of all relatives and friends, who were former residents of said town, at as early date as possible, so as to enable your committee to send to each a letter of invitation to attend the celebration which will take place September, 27, 1887.

RESPECTFULLY,

CHARLES F. DAVIS,	}	Committee on the Centennial Celebration.
HORACE K. MARTIN,		
GEORGE S. MORGAN,		

The names came in very liberally from the interested citizens, and five hundred invitations, in form as follows were sent by mail.

BRADFORD, N. H., JULY, 1887.

Mr.

You are cordially invited to be present and unite with us in celebrating the One Hundredth Anniversary of the incorporation of our town.

The reunion of former residents of this town, relatives, friends, and their descendents, will be a pleasant and important feature, including as it will a renewal of friendship, interchanges of pleasant reminiscences, and a recital of facts, which will serve to brighten the memories of the past and awaken a patriotic pride in the future prosperity of this Grand Old Town.

Nestled as it is in the two valleys of Sunapee and Massassecum, and surrounded by the eternal hills of Nature's own protection, her sons and daughters can contribute at this time such a tribute as will fill a page in its history that will be remembered by its people forever.

Trusting we shall receive your letter of acceptance at an early date, we remain, very truly yours,

CHARLES F. DAVIS,	{	Centennial Celebration Com. of Bradford, N. H.
HORACE K. MARTIN,		
GEORGE S. MORGAN,		

The celebration was held at the north village of the town. The Baptist Society kindly gave the use of the church and vestry, which were very tastefully and appropriately decorated for the occasion with evergreens and flowers, and behind the pulpit was the word "CENTENNIAL," and the dates, "1787: - 1887:" in evergreen letters, surrounded by the American flag gracefully draped from the ceiling, and upon the walls were placed numerous pictures of citizens of Bradford who have made their names famous in American history.

One room in the Town House was used as an antiquarian room under the charge of Mr. Artemas W. Chellis. It is justice to say that Mr. Chellis managed this department with remarkably good taste, and it was a very interesting feature of the occasion, many of the relics being very ancient. A list of the articles, and the names of their exhibitors, may be found below.

Exhibited by Mrs. Mason W. Tappan:—

Saddle and Trappings, used by her illustrious husband, in the

late Rebellion, also his military hat, and the sword carried by him while in command of the first New Hampshire Volunteers.

These articles are, perhaps, interesting more for their identification with the great events they so vividly call to mind, than for their great antiquity.

Exhibited by Addison S. Cressy:—

A sword captured from a British marine, in Paul Jones' encounter with the United States ship *Seraphis*; a shot fired into Bunker Hill, by the British, in the memorable battle of June 17, 1775; an iron vice, made by Richard Cressy, and carried by him through the Revolutionary War; a screw driver used in the same war; the door handle of the old town house at Bradford Center, made by Richard Cressy in 1797, and ornamented with the figures of two angels, and bearing the following inscription:—

“While Truth and Benevolence reign within, the angels keep the door.” Eye glasses, set in leather, and enclosed in a wooden box, supposed to be three hundred years old; an old tooth puller, formerly used by Richard Cressy, and so old that it has no teeth; two passes from the pen of General Stark, of Revolutionary fame, well written and legible, but yellow with age.

Exhibited by Mr. A. W. Chellis:—

Ancient block tin tea-pot and water-pot, nearly one hundred years old; a pair of brass andirons, very ancient; very curious table, more than a century old; very ancient pewter platter.

Exhibited by Augusta H. Eaton.—

Ancient oath; homespun table-cloth, used at Congregational service in the old meeting house at Bradford Center in 1806; catalogue of officers and students of Bradford Academy, Benjamin F. Wallace, instructor; school record of the school district at Bradford Center, for the year 1837, one hundred pupils; framed photograph of Mr. and Mrs. Elisha Eaton; picture of Elisha Eaton's homestead, painted by Augusta H. Eaton; India ink map of the world, executed by Eliza P. Eaton, in 1832; silhouette of Eliza P. Eaton; coat worn by Mr. Chellis at the centennial, and formerly owned by Elisha Eaton, seventy-five years ago.

Exhibited by Mrs. L. B. Courser:—

A large pewter platter, owned by Daniel Webster's father one hundred and twenty-five years ago; a footstool one hundred years old.

Exhibited by L. B. Butman:—

A warming pan one hundred and fifty years old.

Exhibited by Mrs. Daniel Carr:—

Homespun linen, one hundred years old.

Exhibited by Frank T. Carr:—

Old coins, flask, and bottle, very ancient and curious.

Exhibited by Mrs. S. B. Craddock:—

A centennial mug, very ancient and suggestive of home brewed beer, and a pewter platter two hundred and fifty years old.

Exhibited by Mrs. N. A. Ripley:—

A plate seventy-five years old, and a tea-pot which looked as though it might have held the "soothing beverage" as long ago as the great "Boston tea party."

Exhibited by Mr. Oi Hall:—

A spinning wheel, very ancient and well preserved, and a bit stock.

Exhibited by Mr. Ira Eaton:—

Two oil lamps, that dispensed the "light of other days" before petroleum was known.

Exhibited by Mrs. C. L. T. Carr:—

Lady's stays, supposed to have been worn two hundred years ago.

Exhibited by Mrs. G. S. Morgan:—

Two homespun handkerchiefs, of substantial merit and fine workmanship.

Exhibited by Mrs. D. P. Emerson:—

About thirty different articles, very ancient, and many of them elegant.

Exhibited by Mrs. Sarah E. Buswell:—

A large round pewter platter, stamped on the bottom with the word, "London" and the figures, "1695."

There was also another platter on exhibition, (exhibitor unknown,) supposed to be two hundred and fifty-six years old, which was on exhibition at the centennial celebration at Philadelphia.

The above articles were all on exhibition, tastefully and conveniently arranged, and added much to the interest which the occasion awakened. Much credit is due those who had the matter in

charge for the efficient manner in which they discharged their duties, and the readiness with which they answered the inquiries of visitors.

The food for the invited guests and the assembled multitude was liberally and bountifully supplied by the inhabitants of the town.

The committee purchased the meats and a portion of the white bread; ample provision was made, and no one could with justice find fault. The town hall was set with tables sufficient to accommodate two hundred and seventy-eight persons at a sitting, and a long table was erected outside of the building for the basket committee to supply, and thus meet the wants of hundreds who could not be accommodated in the hall. Mr. Henry McCoy of Bradford Springs Hotel had charge of the tables in the hall, and under his supervision every thing was conducted in the most systematic and orderly manner. Mr. Joseph K. Lund was Chairman of the Basket Committee, which dispensed good things to the multitude in a lavish manner. There was an abundance of food, enough to feed two thousand; and the committee who had the matter in charge reported that we fed over fourteen hundred people; many others were hospitably entertained by private citizens, and the hotels in the town. The ham, beef, and bread, were the best the market afforded, and the contributions of the skillful housewives of Bradford were to their praise, honor, and credit forever.

The singing, under the direction of PROF. EDSON C. PAGE, was rendered by a choir selected for the occasion, and the following selections were sung:—

1st, An Anthem, "Sing, O Heavens, and be joyful, O Earth:"

2nd, Centennial Hymn, written by John G. Whittier.

3d, "Hurrah for Old New England!"

4th, "Beautiful Flag."

5th, A Hymn sung by all to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne."

The Bradford Cornet Band aided by their presence and excellent music.

The Committee selected as President of the Day. CHARLES F. DAVIS, with Vice Presidents, HORACE K. MARTIN and GEORGE S. MORGAN.

The celebration commenced at 1 o'clock on the morning of September 27th 1887 by a few of Bradford's patriotic citizens led by the venerable drum corps; accompanied by the ringing of the church bell and the booming of cannon in the village of Bradford.

At sunrise the regular programme of ringing the church bells was in order and duly carried into effect. The day was thus ush-

ered in, and the weather was most propitious, and remained so throughout the entire day. Public business was suspended, and the people turned out by hundreds, from this and adjoining towns, to unite in celebrating Bradford's centennial.

At nine o'clock a line was formed near the town house, MARK W. CHENEY, Chief Marshal, and OL HALL, GEO. T. DUNFIELD, and WILLIS N. BAILEY, aids. The marshal music was furnished by the Bradford Cornet Band and Drum Corps of venerable performers of "ye ancient time." Mr. Bailey Adams played the fife, Gilman Hadley, a veteran of 85 years, riding in a carriage, beat the snare drum, and David K. Hawkes the bass drum; the average age of this band of veteran musicians was 80 years. Following them were the battle scarred veterans of Robert Campbell Post, Grand Army of the Republic, St. Peters' Lodge, F. & A. M., Massassecum Lodge, I. O. O. F., and a large number of citizens in carriages and on foot, the whole marching and countermarching through both villages to the Baptist church where the public services were to be held. The church and vestry were soon filled to overflowing; even the aisles, and vestibule, and steps, while outside, (the windows being open,) the outer walls of the building were thronged with an anxious crowd, eager to catch the droppings from within. Notwithstanding all this a great number were unable to hear the literary exercises, but were busy talking over the past and reviewing old memories of childhood and later years. As soon as the multitude had filled the church, at 11 o'clock, the Chief Marshal announced CHARLES F. DAVIS as President of the Day, who, after making a short address of welcome to all, called upon the Rev. J. H. Gannett to invoke the divine blessing. After scripture reading by Rev. Nathaniel Richardson, and singing by the choir, prayer was offered by Rev. Stephen G. Abbott of Swanzey, N. H., which was followed by reading of the town charter by the President, (in the absence of the Town Clerk, Charles H. Morrill). Then after music by the Band came historical reading by Mrs. ANDREW J. HASTINGS, which was both highly interesting and instructive.

HON. BAINBRIDGE WADLEIGH of Boston, Mass., one of Bradford's honored sons, and former U. S. senator, delivered an able address, which met the hearty approval, and commanded the close attention of the entire assembly. After singing by the choir "The Centennial Hymn," (by Whittier,) HON. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS BRACKETT of Arlington, Mass., another of Bradford's honored sons, a graduate of Harvard College, and Lieut. Governor of Massachusetts,

delivered an admirable address which was listened to with unabated interest. After another piece of music by the band we listened to a declamation by the most aged man in town, Mr. Allen Cressy, ninety years old, "on the death of General George Washington." Mr Cressy's declamation was clearly and energetically spoken, and commanded the wonder and admiration of all who heard him. It is proper to state here that Mr. Cressy had four children born to him: Rev. Azariah Cressy of Sutton, N. H., aged sixty-six years; Henry A. and Daniel F. Cressy of Manchester, N. H., aged respectively sixty-three and sixty-two years; and Maria, wife of William O. Heath Esq. of Bradford, N. H., aged fifty-seven years; all of whom were living and attended the celebration, and whose aggregate ages was two hundred fifty-one years and four months.

Then came the poem which was written by Mrs. Frank Cressy of Concord, N. H., a daughter of the late Edmund J. Ring of Bradford. This was a masterly production and worthy the pen of our most gifted poets; we doubt if it is ever excelled or often equaled. The exercises in the church were then closed by the choir singing "Hurrah for Old New England!" At this time— 1 o'clock P. M.— all marched to the town hall for dinner, and for nearly three hours the committee worked industriously in distributing provisions to the multitude. Over one thousand pounds of Bread, a quarter of a ton of meat, several hundred pies, and twenty bushels of cake, supplemented by one hundred and fifty gallons of tea, coffee, and milk, and two hundred and fifty gallons of pure water, all of which disappeared like dew before the sun, before the keen appetites of Bradford's gathered hosts, and yet there was food for more, for ample provision had been made for ALL, but it was not in the power of mortal man to feed them at one sitting in Bradford town hall. At three o'clock P. M. a part of the multitude returned to the church to attend the FEAST OF REASON and the FLOW OF SOUL. The president called for the responses to the sentiments in their regular order; some of the responses and letters herein given it was impossible to hear for lack of time. At half past four o'clock in the afternoon the exercises of the centennial celebration of Bradford came to an end, occupying only seven and a half hours. The addresses by the orators of the day, and the other speeches, poem, and statements, are subjoined entire. The programme carried out on that day, six hundred copies of which were printed and distributed, is also reproduced. The author of the hymn is the Rev. W. R. Corchrane of Antrim, N. H., author of the history of Antrim.

PROGRAMME.

Ringin^g of Bells &c. at Sunrise.

1. Procession with band formed in front of town house at 9 A. M.
2. March to Gillis' hotel, thence countermarch to Bradford hotel, thence countermarch to the church in the following order:—

Chief Marshal and Aids, Band, Grand Army. Free Masons, Odd Fellows, President of the Day and Vice Presidents, Orators, Poet, Speakers, Town Clerk, Clergymen, Choir, Town Officers, Aged People, Guests and Citizens generally.

3. At 11 A. M. Chief Marshal announced the President of the Day.
4. Address of Welcome, by the President, ... CHARLES F. DAVIS.
5. Invocation of Divine Blessing, ... REV. J. H. GANNETT.
6. Scripture Reading, ... REV. NATHANIEL RICHARDSON.
7. { Singing, anthem, "Sing, O Heav- }
 { ens, and be joyful, O Earth." } CHOIR.
8. Prayer, ... REV. STEPHEN G. ABBOTT.
9. { Reading town charter, (in absence of }
 { the Town Clerk Charles H. Morrill,) } CHARLES F. DAVIS.
10. Historical Reading, ... MRS. ANDREW J. HASTINGS.
11. Music, ... BAND.
12. Oration, ... HON. BAINBRIDGE WADLEIGH, Boston, Mass.
13. Singing, Centennial Hymn, (John G. Whittier,) CHOIR.
14. Oration, HON. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS BRACKETT, Arlington, Mass.
15. Music, ... BAND.
16. Declamation, ... ALLEN CRESSY, Bradford.
17. Poem, ... MRS. FRANK CRESSY, Concord, N. H.
18. Singing, "Hurrah for Old New England!" CHOIR.

DINNER.

Social half hour enlivened by Music by the Band.

RESPONSES TO SENTIMENTS.

1. { Anglo Saxon Character,— "Still } E. WARREN SMITH,
 { Persistent and Unchanging." } Lawrence, Mass.
2. The Physicians of Bradford.
3. The Past of Bradford contrasted with the Present, DR. HAWKS.

4. { The Clergy of Bradford,— May their ef- } REV. S. G. ABBOTT,
 forts always bring peace and good will, } Swanzey, N. H.
5. { The Fathers and Moth- } EDWARD A. STUDLEY.
 ers of Bradford, } Boston, Mass.
6. The Schools of Bradford, MAJ. SAMUEL DAVIS. Warner, N. H.
7. The Lawyers of Bradford, HENRY F. BUSWELL, Canton, Mass.
8. Bradford Fifty Years Ago, MASON B. PRESBY, Salem, N. H.
9. { The Men & Women who laid the Foun- } WM. A. CARR, ESQ.
 dation for the Church in Bradford, }
10. State of Mass., Of our best she has taken, and to-day
 our hearts are made glad by their presence, J. W. MORSE ESQ.
11. Singing, ... CHOIR.
12. Historic Statement, MRS. MARY AUGUSTA LULL, Milford, N. H.
 Grand-daughter of Gen. Stephen Hoyt.
13. Hymn, Auld Lang Syne, ... CHOIR.
14. Closing Words by the President, ... CHARLES F. DAVIS.
15. Benediction.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

By the President of the Day, Charles F. Davis Esq.

Fellow Citizens of Bradford, Invited Guests, Ladies and Gentlemen:—

We are gathered here to-day to celebrate the praiseworthy efforts of our ancestors one hundred years ago.

Your committee have sent a letter of invitation to each and every person, who, to their knowledge, by birth, descent, or former residence, has the right to unite with us in the pleasures of this celebration. To those who have returned to participate in the festivities of this occasion we extend a most cordial welcome. This is the day that our most honored citizen, the late Col. Mason W. Tappan, long looked forward to, and hoped to enjoy with us. During the last years of his active and useful life he often alluded to the fact of our approaching centennial as a town, and expressed an earnest wish that the event might be celebrated in an appropriate manner, and urged a number of the townsmen not to let the opportunity pass without bringing the subject before the people. Had his life been spared he would have been one of the first to have welcomed you to-day, and would, no doubt, have given utterance

to patriotic sentiments, which would have been like apples of gold in pictures of silver,—a comfort to us all.

Glancing for a moment at the history of this grand old town, we find that it was incorporated September 27th, 1787, and included a part of Washington and Fishersfield. Its geographical situation is good, forming the center of a group of seven towns. The soil is fertile; we have plenty of good water and pure air, and we are blessed with beautiful valleys and hills, lakes and streams, good highways, and delightful scenery, with a population of about one thousand souls. This miniature republic with two hundred and thirty-four others form the "Old Granite State," and through its early settlers has a history imperishable. Her sons and daughters have established a name and a fame, both in war and peace, in agriculture, commerce, manufactures, science, and in the counsels of men at home and abroad, that reflects credit upon themselves, this town, and the true worth of their ancestry.

To our ancestors we are indebted for many of the blessings we now enjoy; their sufferings and privations NEVER can be fully known: they are mostly the incidents of an unwritten history. In the French and Indian wars, and in the war of the Revolution—I quote what has been said—"For nearly two centuries from the first settlement of New Hampshire, her entire record is blotted with tears and blood; no pages of human history are more touching and pathetic than the French wars, the Indian wars, and the English wars, which almost crushed the life out of the people of the Granite State."

There fell upon our fathers a storm of woes such as can scarcely be paralleled in history. Indians lay in wait for their blood; proprietors sought to rob them of the farms they had cleared; monarchs usurped their government; pestilence thinned their ranks; famine wasted their strength. In the four French wars the people of New Hampshire reached the very acme of human suffering,—in every instance without notice, and in defiance of treaties. The savages of Canada were sent down the valley of the Connecticut to murder the defenceless colonists. They were sold as slaves on the frontier of Canada. About one third of the entire population of New Hampshire fell by Indian barbarities during the old French and Indian wars.

The Revolutionary War would have been a failure without the troops of New Hampshire. A majority of the men who fought at Bunker Hill were from the Granite State. In the war of 1812 New

Hampshire furnished her full proportion of men and money to secure the freedom of the seas and the rights of sailors; and finally in the great civil conflict between the North and South, this town furnished her full quota of men to keep inseparable our galaxy of states.

This ladies and gentlemen, is a part of the record of Bradford. Some of its citizens were in all of the wars mentioned, and their services thus rendered have secured to us most of the blessings we now enjoy. Our ancestors were tried, as it were in crucibles, by fire. Their example is before us: their acts were noble and for a purpose; may we emulate their example, commemorate their efforts and sacrifices, by this celebration, and may we transmit unimpaired the blessings we now enjoy to all future generations.

And now for the committee, and in the name of the town of Bradford, we again welcome you all as our guests and friends.

TOWN CHARTER OF BRADFORD, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

In the year of our Lord seventeen hundred and eighty-seven.

An act to incorporate New Bradford, in the County of Hillsborough, and Washington Gore, so called, and part of Washington, in the County of Cheshire, and annex the same to the County of Hillsborough.

Whereas the inhabitants of New Bradford in the County of Hillsborough, and Washington Gore, so called, and part of Washington in the County of Cheshire, have petitioned the General Court that they might be incorporated and invested with Town privileges, and belong to the County of Hillsborough, of which petition and the order of Court thereon, due notice hath been given, and no objection being made, and the prayer of said petition appearing reasonable:—

Be it therefore enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives, in General Court convened, that there be and hereby is a Township erected and incorporated by the name of Bradford, bounded as follows, viz.— Beginning at a beech tree on Hillsborough line, thence running North eighty-two degrees East on said line six

miles and eighty-four rods to a hemlock tree, thence running the same point to the North-west corner of Warner, thence North seventeen degrees West by said Warner four miles and two hundred and thirty-one rods to the South line of Sutton, thence Westwardly by the said line of Sutton to the East line of Fishersfield, sixty rods from the South-west corner of said Sutton to a white oak tree, marked, being the North-west corner of said Washington Gore, thence North seventy-eight degrees West, three miles and three hundred and ten rods to a small beech tree marked, standing on the line of Fishersfield, thence South two degrees West, two miles and one hundred and fifty rods to a black ash tree marked, thence South twenty seven degrees East, two miles and one hundred rods to the bounds first mentioned. And the inhabitants thereof are hereby erected into a body politic and corporate, to have continuance and succession forever, and are hereby invested with all the powers, and enfranchised with all the rights, privileges, and immunities which any town in this State holds or enjoys; To hold the said inhabitants and their successors forever.— And Deacon William Presbury is hereby authorized to call a meeting of said inhabitants to choose all necessary and customary Town Officers, giving fourteen days' notice of the time, place, and design of such meeting; and such officers shall hereby be invested with all the powers of the officers in any other town in this state, and every other meeting shall be annually holden in said Town for that purpose on the second Tuesday of March annually forever.

And be it further enacted, that the said Township so erected shall forever hereafter be to all intents and purposes esteemed as part and parcel of the said County of Hillsborough; provided this act shall not extend to the effecting any taxes already assessed until a new proportion act is made; but the same taxes already assessed shall be collected until said proportion act shall be made, except the Town taxes, which may be made after the passing this act in like manner as the same would have been, had this act not been passed, any law, usage, or custom to the contrary notwithstanding.

State of	}	In the House of Representatives,
New Hampshire.		
		Sept. 27, 1787.

The foregoing bill, having been read a third time, voted that it pass to be enacted.

Sent up for concurrence.

Thos. Bartlett, Speaker P. T.

HISTORICAL READING,

By Mrs. A. J. Hastings.

I have collected a few interesting facts concerning the first family who settled in our town.

These were all told to me by my father, and corroborated by many other aged men and women who have now passed away.

Deacon William Presbury was a stalwart young man with a wife and one little boy, whose name was George, when Col. Bradford gave him all the land that he could encircle in a day's walk, on condition that he would build a house upon it and live in it.

This was in the autumn of 1770. He cleared a space and built a rude log cabin on the level tract of land which is now the farm of Stephen Morse. He moved into it on a cold day of the following winter. I have heard my father say that his father—the little boy whose name was George—was brought into town on the back of a man who traveled on snow-shoes. Another man carried a few simple articles of household use. William Presbury and his brave young wife bore similar burdens. Mrs. Presbury was a Miss Dorcas Whittemore of Pembroke, New Hampshire. She had left a home of comfort and comparative wealth to make, with the husband of her choice, a new home in the wilderness—for Bradford was then a great forest, filled with wild beasts, with only the acre of cleared land and the one little log cabin.

Deacon William Presbury was a God fearing man, and we are safe in saying that as he gathered his little family around him by the great open fire which roared up the rude stone chimney, that he knelt and asked for the blessing of Him who setteth the solitary in families, and that the Founder of so MANY HOMES might care for and protect this new one.

Mistress Dorcas was well fitted through strength of mind and physical courage to be the wife of a pioneer, who, being absent on hunting expeditions, was often obliged to leave his wife and little boy alone, sometimes for weeks. She worked with a will and energy truly wonderful; for two years she was the only woman in town, and what would to most women have been a SEVERE deprivation, the only mirror in which she could see her comely face was the brook which rippled past her cabin door.

One night Mistress Presbury heard a disturbance with her hogs, and upon looking out could dimly see a black creature trying to break into their rude pen. She at once determined to save her hogs; so catching up a sharp axe she stealthily crept up behind the creature, [which proved to be a great black bear,] instantly letting the axe fly into his bearship's head, following up the vigorous blow with many others, she finished the bear and saved her pork.— Yet she was no Amazon, but a small and delicate looking woman, yet strong in her love for her family,— and you can see that she was worthy to be the first woman in our town.

At the close of two years a little girl was born to this adventurous young couple. To this little Miss they gave the name of Phebe. She lived for many years; was the wife of Gen. Stephen Hoyte, a man of note in his day. She was the mother of seven sons and one daughter. Mr. Elisha Hoyte of Penacook, N. H., a gentleman of seventy-five years, and Mrs. Olive Hoyt Hale of Ripley, a lady of eighty, are the only living children of Gen. Stephen Hoyte. The names of the children of William and Dorcas Presbury were George, Phebe, Rachel, Nathan, Olive, Hannah, and one other daughter, whose name we have forgotten.

George, the eldest son, married a Miss Lydia Ward, and to them were given a family of six daughters and five sons, of which my father was the second son.

The little log cabin growing too small for this large brood, or rather, the family outgrowing the cabin, a low, comfortable frame house was built on the same place where stands and is now part of the handsome farm house of Mr. Stephen Morse.

Rachel Presbury married a Carter of Concord, N. H., where some of her descendents are now worthy citizens. Nathan, the second son married and lived on a portion of his father's land which was given to him for a farm. As you follow the road up over the hill from the "Mill Village" to the "Center," on the left in the Tappan pasture there stood since my remembrance an old red house and a barn, the remains of an ancient orchard and the ruins of an old cellar are all that is left of the home that once was, but is not.

The third daughter of Dea. Presbury was Olive, who, when she was a young lady, taught school in her father's barn; you may wonder where her pupils came from, but in the twenty years since the first family came, others had followed, the Browns, Cresseys, Beaments, and others. The school was kept in Dea. Presbury's

barn, and the barn of Mr. Daniel Cressy was used on Sundays for a church.

Olive Presbury married Dr. Moses Hoyt, an excellent old time physician of Tonbridge, Vt.

Hannah Presbury became the wife of John Raymond Esq., the founder of the "Raymond House."

Esquire Raymond was a prominent man, and a large real estate owner. They lived in a pretty old-fashioned house where now stands the residence of J. P. Marshall. When Mr. Marshall built his new house, he moved the old one up on the "Sutton road," fitted it up and sold it to Mr. J. S. Kitteridge.

Mrs. Hannah Raymond, like her mother, Mrs. Dorcas Presbury, was a delicate, refined woman, and renowned throughout our town as being a model housekeeper. Her cleanliness was proverbial; even now one sometimes hears the remark made of a very particular woman, "she is as neat as old Mrs. Raymond." To the last this old lady retained her wonderful neatness and love of order. My mother was in her family a great deal, and as a little girl of four and five I often accompanied her. Those visits were not seasons of unalloyed pleasure, on account of my at once being seated on a low chair in a corner and sternly admonished by my good mother to keep my tongue and hands still under punishment of instant banishment: so holding fast upon my tongue, [and an unfortunate maltese kitten] I made good use of my eyes and ears. Most vividly do I remember the nice old-fashioned rooms, with their quaint furnishings:— The table with its spotless linen, beautiful old china, and savory food was ever an object of my childish adoration. I particularly remember the cheerful open fire, the bright andirons, shovel and tongs. I was also greatly interested in the high posted bedstead with its curtains of bright colored chintz, which I used sometimes to cautiously open and take a peep at the invalid old lady, so fair to look upon in her dainty lace cap and white dimity gown.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond left no children. Their property passed into the hands of a nephew, John Raymond Jr., a lawyer of Troy, New York, who, disregarding the request of his uncle, sold the property. Strangers now hold it, and even the name of Raymond will soon be forgotten.

The remains of the first orchard ever planted in town is the one on the hill-side back of Mr. Morse's house. My great grandfather set the trees, assisted by my grandfather, with whom he lived until his death in 1814, at the age of eighty years.

The path of those old pioneers was not strewn with roses. In these days of comfort and ease we cannot conceive of the many hardships they were called upon to endure: for example,—Dea. Presbury was obliged to carry on his back the family grist to the nearest mill at Henniker, a distance of nine miles, and his only guide was spotted trees. For two years their nearest neighbor was Mr. Israel Morrill, who lived over in Warner on the place lately owned by Mr. J. S. Kitteridge. Once when Mrs. Presbury was very ill her husband summoned the good Mrs. Morrill by a gun fired from the top of Goodwin Hill, a signal that had been previously agreed upon.

On the old "Burying Hill," near Mr. Morse's, sleep Dea. William Presbury and Dorcas, his wife. The tombstone will tell you that she was the first and for two years the only female in town, that she lived to the advanced age of ninety-six years. Near them rests their beloved son, George, and Lydia, his wife. All around them are their children, grandchildren, neighbors and friends. Beside them forever whisper the pines; at their feet nestles the home they loved; across the meadow on which they toiled the stately elms nod their heads, and the peaceful river winds its way.

ADDRESS.

By Hon. Bainbridge Wadleigh.

FELLOW CITIZENS :

To-day the town of Bradford begins the second century of her history. We are here to celebrate the day of her birth. We are here to keep green the memory of her founders, as we would wish our own preserved by those who may fill our places a hundred years hence. Those of us who first saw the light among these hills, but whose lives have been mainly spent elsewhere, come here now as to the lap of a mother.

The past unrolls like a scroll to our memories. Here we meet again (perhaps for the last time) a few companions of our youth whom the scythe of Time has spared, and our hearts bow in sadness as we think of the many who have passed beyond mortal eyes forever. Here are the ponds and brooks where we fished, swam, and skated—the hills down which we coasted—the rocky fields from which our youthful hands helped to wring reluctant harvests—the woods where we hunted game and gathered beechnuts in the bright sunshine of the short autumn days—the maple orchards where we ate the fresh, ungrained sugar from chunks of glittering ice in early spring—the gnarled tree among the rocks, whose sap of famed sweetness, drank from the cold tin pail into which it had dripped, seemed more delicious than the nectar of the Olympian gods—the plain temples of worship whose humble spires pointed us to heaven, and the eternal mountains whose shaggy forests we explored for wild honey and spruce gum, and whose hollow roaring in the cloudless nights of winter seemed like the moaning of the restless and wide-resounding sea.

We miss the rude and uncomfortable school-houses where by the aid of the ferule we slowly and painfully climbed the first slopes of the hill of science, and where when fortune smiled, we sat at spelling-schools beside the bright-eyed girls we loved best. They have been superseded by structures more convenient and more in accord with the spirit of the age, but which to us, whose heads are silvered by Time, lack the sweet and subtle charm of association.

A hundred years in the life of a municipality may seem but a

short step in a long journey. Yet three such steps carry us back to a time when, save a few Spaniards in Florida, no white man's foot pressed our country's soil—four, to a time when this whole continent seemed hidden in everlasting darkness,—seven, beyond the birth of the oldest, existing political institution in Europe—nineteen beyond the birth of Christ— and sixty, to a period when, until recently, the material universe was supposed to have been created. When we reflect what a short space in the past is illumined by even the faintest rays from the lamp of history, a century seems no inconsiderable time.

Yet compared with some other New England towns, this of ours seems youthful. Portsmouth and Dover in this state, and the city of Boston, were first settled in 1623. Several other towns not far distant have celebrated the 250th anniversary of their birth, and nearly two hundred and sixty-seven years have passed since the Pilgrims set foot on Plymouth Rock.

For more than a century after Portsmouth, Dover, and Exeter were founded, the settlement of New Hampshire went on at a snail's pace, and nearly her whole white population was in those three towns and two or three others on her southern border. There were two causes for this long lethargy. The first was the long controversy over the title to the soil of New Hampshire, and the second, the perils of Indian warfare.

At the risk of being thought tedious, I will tell you briefly, who claimed the soil of this province, what were the grounds of the respective claims, and how the dispute ended.

The first claim referred to was that of John Mason, and those who claimed under him. The second was that of the Massachusetts Bay Company. These claims were based on royal grants. The third and most equitable claim, was that of the hardy pioneers who hewed out of the dense forests, homes for themselves and their descendants. Their claim was based on adverse possession under a claim of right, which after a certain length of time, by the common law of England gives a good title. This just claim of the settlers was supported by the pretended Indian deed to Rev. John Wheelwright, which was an ingenious forgery.

North America, from Florida to Greenland, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific, was claimed by the British Crown on the ground that British subjects had discovered and taken possession of it. In 1606 King James I., a cowardly and tyrannical pedant, who won and deserved the reputation of being "the wisest fool

in Europe," issued a patent locating the Province of Virginia between the 34th and 44th degrees of north latitude, including more than half the State of North Carolina, extending northward to the present town of Haverhill in this State, and stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

In the same year King James made two grants—one of North Virginia to certain Englishmen in Bristol, Exeter, and Plymouth, (England) and the other of South Virginia to others in the city of London. By some unaccountable blunder, these two grants overlapped each other three degrees, so that all the land between the mouth of the Potomac River and the southern shore of the State of Connecticut was included in both. On that account the grantees of North Virginia applied for the confirmation and enlargement of their grant. King James therefore in 1620 granted all North America lying between the 40th and 48th parallels of latitude, and extending from the State of Delaware to the northern border of New Brunswick, or a point about 80 miles north of Quebec, to 40 English noblemen, knights, and gentlemen, whom he incorporated as "The council established at Plymouth in the County of Devon for the ruling, and governing of New England in America." This grant was the foundation of both Mason's title and that of the Massachusetts Bay Company.

John Mason was an opulent merchant of London, who had been the royal governor of Newfoundland, and who was one of the members of the Council of Plymouth, and its secretary. He was enterprising, pertinacious and enthusiastically interested in the colonization of America. The Council of Plymouth gave him in all four grants. The first was made in 1621. It commenced at the mouth of the river of Naumkeag, (now Salem) thence it ran to the mouth of Merrimack River, (including all the islands within three miles of the sea-shore) thence up the Merrimack River to the head thereof: thence in a straight line to the head of the river of Naumkeag. This grant embodied two egregious blunders. One related to the length of the river of Naumkeag, the other to the course of the Merrimack. At that time the English navigators had only sailed along the coast and knew nothing of the interior of the country. They supposed that the narrow arm of the sea at Salem, into which empties only a petty rivulet, was a large river extending far inland and flowing from west to east. The western boundary of this grant was an impossible one, for it would leave nearly the whole course of the Merrimack on the outside of it. In

other words, the eastern was located west of the western boundary.

In 1622 the Council of Plymouth granted to Mason and Ferdinando Gorges jointly, all the land between the Merrimack and Sagadahoc (now Kennebec) Rivers, extending back to the great lakes and river of Canada. About 1629 Mason and Gorges are supposed to have divided the land included in their grant of 1622, Gorges taking all west of Piscataqua River, that is the Province of Maine, which his heirs in 1677 sold to Massachusetts. It is believed also that Mason for some unknown reason surrendered to the Council of Plymouth the title acquired by him under the grant of 1622 to any lands west of Piscataqua River. It is certain that he did not rely upon that grant in any of the subsequent controversies, nor introduce it as evidence to prove his title in the trial of his suits at law. On the 7th of November 1629 he received another grant from the "Council, commencing in the middle of Piscataqua River and up the same to the farthest head thereof, and from thence northwestward until sixty miles from the mouth of the harbor were finished; also through Merrimack River to the farthest head thereof, and so forward up into land westward until sixty miles were finished, and from thence to cross over land to the end of the sixty miles accounted from Piscataqua River together with all the islands within five leagues of the coast."

In 1635 the council made another grant to Mason confirming the grants of 1621 and 1629, thus giving him the land between the Naumkeag and Piscataqua Rivers. Mason's claim to New Hampshire finally rested, however, on the grant of 1629.

We come now to the claim of Massachusetts. On the third of March 1628 the Council of Plymouth made a grant to the Massachusetts Bay Company which was confirmed by King Charles II. by a patent dated March 4th, 1629. That grant bounded the lands of Massachusetts on the north by "a line three miles to the northward of Merrimack River or to the northward of any and every part thereof" from the Atlantic to the Pacific. All these grants erroneously assume that Merrimack River flows from west to east, and some that the distance from the Atlantic to the Pacific is a mere trifle.

John Mason died soon after the grant of 1635, and his claim to New Hampshire passed by will to his grandson Robert Tufton, who took the surname of Mason, and who did not become of age till 1650.

The claim of Massachusetts was so earnestly pressed and the

advantages of a union of the two provinces were so obvious, that in April 1641, when the attention of the English government was distracted by the opening scenes of the great revolution which sent the King to the scaffold, the New Hampshire towns yielded to the jurisdiction of Massachusetts. That union lasted till 1680. While it existed it was useless to press the Mason claim, and the heirs lost all hope of success unless it came through the interposition of the English government.

In 1653 the General Court of Massachusetts established the northern boundary of that Province three miles north of the outlet of Winnipiseogee Lake. Upon the restoration of the Stuarts to the British throne, Robert Mason in 1660, petitioned King Charles II. for redress. The King referred the petition to his attorney general, who reported that Mason had a good title to the Province of New Hampshire. From that time all the influence of the crown was exerted to promote the claims of Mason against Massachusetts and the settlers. A royal commission was sent to New England in 1662, which warmly supported the Mason claim. There being no hope for the Mason claim in the courts so long as New Hampshire and Massachusetts were united, they were separated in 1680, and a government for New Hampshire established by a royal decree—every member of which was interested in the claim. Suits at law were brought against the settlers and executions obtained against them in 1685, but the people resisted the officers, who could not enforce them. Warrants for the rioters having been procured, the officers attempted at Dover to arrest them while they were attending divine service. The congregation rose— one strapping damsel with her large bible knocked down one of the officers, and they were so roughly handled that they were glad to escape with their lives. Fifteen years later, about 1700, a suit at law against Maj. Waldron was brought by Samuel Allen, who claimed Mason's title under a deed from his heirs, but the records of the former judgments having been destroyed, Allen was beaten. He appealed to Queen Anne, but the royal council affirmed the judgment against Allen— giving him leave, however, to begin a new suit. Allen having died in 1705, his son Thomas Allen brought a new suit against Waldron, which was tried in 1706. In that trial Waldron relied upon his adverse possession under a claim of title, and the only evidence of any claim of title by him was the forged deed to Rev. John Wheelwright, from four Indian sachems. The jury found for Maj. Waldron as before, and an appeal was taken by Allen, but a decision

being withheld, and Allen dying in 1715, his heirs did not prosecute the appeal.

After Thomas Allen's death the General Court of Massachusetts granted numerous townships in southern New Hampshire and along the fertile meadows of Connecticut River. Among them was one line of townships to defend the western border against the Indians, which covered the eastern shore of the Connecticut from the present north line of Massachusetts to Claremont.

In 1735 and 1736 the General Court of Massachusetts granted for the same object a double line of towns extending from Pennacook (now Concord) on the Merrimack, to Charlestown (which was No. 4 in the western line of towns) on the Connecticut. The townships thus granted were No. 1 including Warner; No. 2 including Bradford; No. 3 including the northerly part of Washington and part of Lempster; No. 4 including the remaining land between No. 3 and Charlestown; No. 5 including Hopkinton; No. 6 including Henniker; No. 7 including Hillsborough, and No. 8 including part of Washington and part of Stoddard. Efforts were made in vain to settle these grants and so far as can be learned from the records, Bradford was not settled until 1771, about 36 years afterwards.

In 1737 commissioners to establish the line between Massachusetts and New Hampshire were appointed by royal authority. Their report was evasive and both provinces appealed from it to King George II. In 1740 he made his decision and gave to New Hampshire more land than she had claimed, fixing the line of division substantially as it now exists. That was the end of the long controversy between the two provinces growing out of the contradictory royal grants. By this decision the grant of township No. 2 which included the territory of this town was annulled.

On account of a flaw in Allen's title, the title of Robert Mason passed to his grandson John Tufton Mason, who on the 30th of January 1746, conveyed his whole interest in 15 shares to 12 persons who were afterwards known as "the Masonian proprietors," for 1500 pounds currency. All these purchasers except one were citizens of New Hampshire and men of great influence both in the colony and England. To allay popular indignation they quitclaimed their land in all the towns that had been granted by New Hampshire and settled — of which there were seventeen. They quieted the settlers on the Massachusetts grants by the most generous and satisfactory compromises. As soon as they received their first deed from Mason, they commenced granting townships

to petitioners. The grantees were, within a limited time, to erect mills and meeting-houses, clear out roads, and settle ministers. In every township was reserved one right for the first settled minister, another for a parsonage, and a third for a school. The proprietors also reserved 15 rights for themselves and two for their attorneys in each town— all which were to be free from taxes until sold or occupied. These rights varied in size in different towns. By such a policy the interests of the people soon became united with those of the proprietors, and in 1787 the General Court passed an act which settled the controversy satisfactorily and forever.

As I have said, the Indian wars were another cause for the long delay in settling our state. They began in 1675 and ended in 1760. During that 85 years the frontier of civilization in New Hampshire scarcely passed beyond a line drawn east and west through the northern border of the old township of Dunstable, and south of Monadnoc Mountain. During that whole time terror brooded unceasingly over the lonely homes of the pioneers. War-parties of cunning, cruel savages swooped upon them from the dark forests like beasts of prey. Torture, death and captivity constantly stared them in the face, and none could tell when the storm would burst. The frontiersman kept his trusty musket always loaded and at his side. He bore it even to church, and the old custom which gives the head of the pew to the grown males of the household, is a relic of those many anxious years when the Indian war-whoop might at any moment summon the worshipers to battle. Such was the hard school in which were trained the men who, so long as their ammunition lasted, repulsed the best troops of England at Bunker Hill. In 1760 the victory of Wolfe and the capture of Quebec gave Canada to Great Britain— the long struggle between England and France for dominion over the New World was ended— the lilies of France gave place to the cross of St. George, and the Indian tribes, deprived of French support, sullenly but forever yielded to the ascendancy of the pale-faces who spoke the tongue of England.

With the return of peace civilization rose from its long lethargy and resumed its onward march. In 1765 the Masonian proprietors made a grant to John Peirce and George Jaffrey which covered the central and larger part of this town. George Jaffrey was a resident of Portsmouth— one of the original Masonian proprietors, and a very influential man. He was a brother-in-law of the royal Governor Benning Wentworth, president of the council, treasurer, chief-justice and justice of the admiralty. In his honor

the town of Jaffrey was named. John Peirce was a relative of Joshua Peirce, who was another of the original Masonian proprietors. Both John Peirce and Jaffrey were active in promoting the settlement of the province, and Peirce's descendants were until recently, and are probably now, owners of extensive tracts of wild land upon the Sunapee Mountains.

The date of the first actual settlement of Bradford is not entirely beyond doubt. There is a tradition that Isaac Davis settled near Bradford Pond at some time before 1767, and his descendants, who are some of our most respectable and intelligent citizens, believe a son was born to him here some years before the arrival of any other settler. As Henniker had 338 inhabitants in 1773, it is not improbable that Davis settled so near her border before 1771. It is true that History makes no mention of Davis' settlement, but experience teaches us that history, if not a notorious liar, (as a distinguished satirist has said,) is extremely liable to make mistakes and cannot always be relied on, even in respect to recent events.

There is no doubt, however, that in 1771 Dea. William Presbury came from Henniker and settled in this town. He purchased land from Jaffrey and Peirce, cleared it, died here, and his descendants live here to this day.

In 1774 several families from Bradford, Mass. settled here and gave the name of New-Bradford to their new home. From 1771 to 1775 this part of the state was being rapidly settled up. But the Revolutionary War broke out April 19th, 1775, and the active, vigorous men of the colonies were fighting for national independence until Oct. 19th, 1781, when the contest was virtually ended by the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown. That desperate struggle of six and one-half years absorbed the energies of the colonists, but when it was over, they once more turned to the conquest of the wilderness.

When this town was incorporated by an act of the General Court in 1787, it included not only New-Bradford, but also a strip of land not included in any survey and known as "Washington Gore" and a part of Washington which the citizens of that town voted to surrender. In 1788 Ebenezer Eaton and Enoch Hoyt, selectmen, petitioned the General Court for leave to tax all land in Bradford a penny per acre, "the inhabitants being few in number and the roads extremely bad." In 1789 upon the petition of the selectmen and others, Ebenezer Eaton was appointed to the honorable office of justice of the peace. In 1796 by an act of the General Court,

the town line was straightened so as to include a part of Fishers-field— now Newbury. In 1796 the first meeting-house in this town was built. As towns were then religious parishes, the building was built by and belonged to the town, and was used not only for divine worship, but for town meetings and other gatherings of the people. It was one of those old-fashioned wooden structures, now rarely found unchanged, with a high box-pulpit and a huge pine “sounding-board” over it on one side— a double door on the other side— a porch and door at each end— large square pews with high railings and hinged seats all around the inside of them, except where a lofty door opened into the aisle— wide galleries with pews and the usual seats for the deacons. The minister’s salary was paid by a town tax, and of course this community, like nearly all others in New England, was cursed by quarrels which sprung from the efforts of Baptists and other dissenters to escape taxes for the support of a creed which they disbelieved. At least one clergyman of what was known as “the standing order” left in disgust at the non-payment of his salary. Finally by an act of the General Court the support of religion was made to depend on voluntary contributions, since which hostility between different religious denominations has much abated. I well remember that in my boyhood most of the people at the “Mills” and “Corner” where Baptists predominated, were inclined to look upon the “standing order” as an arrogant aristocracy who closely resembled the Pharisees of the New Testament.

Though written creeds may not change, the vitality of religious belief slowly yields to the influence of time and the spirit of the age. The earliest sermons that I heard in my boyhood depicted at great length, with much minuteness and in lurid colors, the never-dying flames, the suffocating stench, and the unimaginable horrors of a hell to which every human soul had been condemned, or from which it had been absolved before the creation of the world— so that for the elect there could be no fear, and for the non-elect no hope. The last half century has, in New England, wonderfully diminished the zeal with which such sermons are preached from the pulpit or believed in the pews. The love of God for his children is now a more attractive subject than His anger.

In 1838, after the establishment of the voluntary system, the Congregationalists built a new church at the Centre Village and abandoned the old meeting-house to the town. A few years ago

it was removed to its present location and divided into two stories—so that it contains a school room and a town hall.

The building of the Calvinistic Baptist meeting-house was begun in 1829 and completed in 1830. Then a dense forest surrounded it. About a quarter of a century ago it had become ruinous and was repaired and remodeled under the ministry of Rev. S. G. Abbott. It is only just to say that, however much the Congregational and Baptist churches of fifty years ago might differ, both exercised a good influence on this community, and they were “ministered unto” by pastors of virtuous lives and exemplary habits, who expounded the doctrine of their respective denominations with zeal and fidelity.

Besides the churches that I have named there was a Free-will Baptist meeting-house at the south part of the town in which Elder Holmes preached for many years. That was, I think, known as the “bush” meeting-house. On the hill near Bradford Pond was another small meeting-house dedicated to the use of no particular denomination, but used for preaching of all kinds.

There were a few Methodists in town, to whom Elder Steele sometimes preached. At one time there were here a considerable number of Campbellites, generally called CHRISTIANS. I am not aware that they ever had any pastor except Elder Morrison and Elder John Gillingham. The sermons of the latter though not learned, logical, nor instructive, were so full of emotion and eccentric eloquence that they charmed most of his hearers. They occupied for several years a chapel over the school room in the Mill Village.

Half of a century ago there was a much stronger military spirit in this town than there is now. Whatever national hatred then existed here was against England alone. Every able-bodied man between the ages of 17 and 41, was (with very few exceptions) liable to military duty. They met for drill at least twice a year, besides attending the regimental muster in the fall. There were two companies of infantry and a company of artillery, I think, in this town, and part of a troop of cavalry. The Bradford Rifle Company was my boyish BEAU-IDEAL of a military force, and I vehemently suspected every man in it to be a hero. Every military company chose its own uniform. Our rifle company paraded in black frock coats and pantaloons, with black, flexible, leather hats, each adorned by several good sized black ostrich feathers. They were accompanied by “pioneers,” part of whom carried long lances,

and the rest battle-axes of an ancient fashion. The "pioneers" marched in the van, uniformed in long tunics—some scarlet, some crimson. The other company of infantry were of the "slambang" type without uniforms, though the captain, lieutenant, and ensign, each wore white pantaloons, a dark coat, and a tall black hat with a long feather pompon. The artillery company, whose gun-house was located at the Centre Village, wore, I think, the cocked hat and other uniform of the Revolutionary army, excepting the knee breeches. The "troopers," (as the cavalry were called) wore stiff leather hats covered with bearskin—bobtail, scarlet coats with white facings, white breeches and long cavalry boots. They had a holster covered with bearskin on each side of their saddles for the enormous brass-barrelled horse-pistols of that period.

The old-fashioned muster was, in the olden time, the most dissipated day of the whole year. Patriotic hilarity prevailed, and the patriotism of the man who refused to "take something" was doubted. Many unsuspecting countrymen fell into the hands of professional gamblers and were victims to their perfidious arts. Sometimes the gambler and his victim fought—their friends joined in the contest—knives were drawn—the militia joined in the fight, and the blacklegs were overwhelmed and routed. The country boy who whipped a gambler on the muster-field became a rural hero. Without giving any military instruction of value, these musters were schools of debauchery and crime, and it was a white day when they were legislated out of existence, which was about 35 years ago.

In my boyhood a few soldiers of the Revolution were lingering on the stage and were looked on with veneration, whatever might be their foibles. One I well remember who lived in this town or its vicinity, and who was called by the boys "General Blood." I did not at that time suspect the genuineness of his title. He was a frank and jovial soul who delighted to appear on public occasions wearing a cocked hat or some other memento of his martial career. The gratitude of his countrymen was manifested by "drink-offerings" too frequently for his own good, though they meant nothing but kindness.

Since the infancy of this town a great change has been wrought in its social customs. Then ardent spirits were freely drank on all occasions. No meeting-house could be raised—no clergyman could be satisfactorily ordained without them. The full decanter greeted the minister at every parochial visit. It assuaged the grief of the mourners at every funeral and doubled the hilarity of

every wedding. No militia captain was popular unless he furnished his soldiers with a wash-tub full of rum-punch on "training-days. Laborers generally believed that no man could work hard without his grog. Furious was the "hired man" whose employer stinted his supply of rum— especially in haying-time, and such disgraceful parsimony was sure to call out popular indignation. Every country-store displayed gorgeously-painted casks of liquor properly labelled, behind the counter on which stood the tin tray full of dry salt cod-fish, furnished gratuitously to excite a raging thirst. Strong liquors were then wonderfully cheap, which much increased intemperance—a fact on which the statesmen who now propose to abolish the duty on rum and whiskey and still tax the necessities of life would do well to ponder. Good New England rum could then be bought for 20 cents a gallon, which is but little more than the price of spring-water in Boston now. The state of things which I have described existed to a considerable extent in my boyhood. Between 40 and 50 years ago I was one of a uniformed military company composed of young boys who trained several times a year, and were always openly treated with wine or punch at some of the stores, without any hostile criticism so far as I knew. And the first and only time I ever trained in the militia, the Captain took his company to Mr. William Murdough's and gave them a tub of punch.

Between 1840 and 1850, however, the "Washingtonian" temperance movement struck Bradford and effected a reformation in the views and habits of many of the people which has never fully lost its force, and for which many wives and children have good reasons to bless "the Giver of all mercies"— for a worse evil than intemperance does not now exist on earth.

There has been a great change in the habits of domestic life within the present century, and even within my memory. I think, (though I am not quite positive,) that I can recollect a time when there was not a cooking stove in this town— certainly when there were very few. The great open fire-place, with its huge back-log and heaps of blazing cord-wood furnished warmth both for comfort and cooking. The heat that went roaring up the chimney created furious drafts from every part of the room, that chilled one side while the other was roasting. The goose or turkey or haunch of fresh beef, hung by a string before the fire-place while one of the younger children turned and basted it. The tin "baker" sat on the road stone hearth— the potatoes for breakfast were buried in the

hot ashes at night. Grafted fruit was unknown—good fruit was rare, but the orchards were large and cider so plentiful that sixty barrels a year was not an extraordinary provision for a single household.

Instead of relying on the visits of a butcher, nearly every family, late in the fall, buried in snow its store of fresh meat for the winter. Most families had an immense hand-loom in which was woven into cloth the flax or wool which was raised, carded, spun, and dyed at home. Some expert seamstress went from house to house to make up the family wardrobes, and the shoe-maker, with his work-bench and lap-stone, did the same. The family library was generally limited to the Farmer's Almanac and the bible, though the latter was sometimes accompanied by Scott's Commentaries—one of the dullest works that ever benumbed the human mind. The bare walls of the dwelling were adorned by no engravings nor works of art, and hardly a family possessed a musical instrument of any kind. Indeed, the pious, elderly people of that time looked upon the use of any such thing in divine worship as "an abomination unto the Lord." The meeting-houses were long unwarmed by artificial heat, even in the coldest weather, and the use of tin foot-stoves by any males except the aged and sickly, was looked upon as contemptible effeminacy.

Our ancestors of a hundred years ago, generally believed that the invisible world directly interfered with and influenced the trivial affairs of their daily lives. They FELT that the sleepless eye of Omnipotence was constantly upon them and that the powerful and malignant tempter and adversary of man, constantly prowled around their dwelling and beleagured their souls with snares and pitfalls. In their eyes, to doubt the existence of witches and witchcraft, was a guilty skepticism of the biblical truth.

To educate the children of the town, was thought by our forefathers, to be one of their chief duties. The school-houses of that day were rude, and the schools short. Boys generally attended the winter school till they became of age, and sometimes longer, for in an agricultural community, there is comparatively little work and much leisure in the cold season. I dare say the schools and school-houses of this town changed very little during the first half century of its existence, and that the first school I attended was a fair type of the earlier ones.

At that time the "Mills" and "Corner" villages occupied the same brick school-house which, changed to a dwelling now, stands

near the house of the late Dr. Ames. The seats rose from the floor nearly to the ceiling on each side of the house. If a scholar dropped anything, it was sure to roll or slide to the level plain in the middle—at one end of which, near the door, stood an immense, open, iron stove, and at the other, the master's desk. The small scholars near the stove, were daily roasted in cold weather by the fire, which blazed and roared in their faces. Every scholar who studied penmanship carried his own ink-stand of lead or stone (which every cold morning was warmed by the fire to thaw the frozen ink) and a goose-quill of which the teacher made a pen. The ink was generally made at home of vinegar, nut-galls and iron, and of course was indelible.

There was then no sentimentality about administering corporal punishment. Many of the punishments that I have seen were ingeniously cruel and barbarous. Scholars were made to hold a stick of wood at arm's length—to carry as much wood as they could lift around the stove—to put their heads down as low as their knees and stand in that position—to hold down a nail in the floor with the finger while standing—all until the limit of human endurance was reached. My first teacher was John Towne, who was afterwards the Register of Deeds of Sullivan County for many years, and who still lives at Newport. The next was Mr. Eastman, who was afterwards a successful physician at Newport and died there. Then came a Mr. Clifford, who taught English grammar so skillfully that its study was a pleasure and not a bore.

There was, 50 years ago, considerable rivalry between the "Mills" and "Corner" villages. Perhaps it has not yet wholly vanished, though I hope it has, since the railroad wedded the rivals to each other. But the rivalry between the grown villagers was between the school-boys, a feud as fierce, if not as fatal, as ever raged between two hostile clans in the Scotch highlands, or between the Iroquois and Hurons in the American forests. The scholars from the "Mills" were called "upper-enders," and those from the "Corner" and the country beyond it, "lower-enders." The feud had outlived generations of school-boys, and every morning, noon, and night, gave rise to furious contests in which quarter was neither asked nor given. The brawny young men who sat in the back seats, and who were believed to be able to whip the master if they chose to try, were looked up to by the small boys with the same mingled envy and admiration that were

bestowed on Ajax and the swift Achilles by the home-sick common Greeks, who beleagured the walls of "wind-swept Troy." Even innocent love-making was limited by the feud, and was seldom, if ever, carried on between the young "upper-enders" and "lower-enders." Finally about 50 years ago the district was divided—distance accomplished what parental reproof and clerical admonition could not, and extinguished the long feud of the school-boys.

The early settlers of Bradford, and indeed of all New Hampshire, were fond of conflict and loved rough, athletic sports, law-suits, and arguments. Raisings, huskings, town-meetings, and all kinds of week-day gatherings except funerals, were enlivened by wrestling matches, foot-races, pulling fingers, pulling sticks, and muscular contests of all forms.

They enjoyed litigation with the keen zest of Dandie Dinmont, who said that in Liddesdale, it was disgraceful for a man never to have been before the twelve. Almost every cause of action led to a law-suit, and as every man could be arrested on any kind of writ, the plaintiff didn't have to worry himself about finding property to attach. I think Weare Tappan was the first lawyer who ever resided here, and he is authentically reported to have said that his fees for making justice-writs alone, while he was building and furnishing his house, paid for it all.

In New Hampshire rural communities like this, the long winter evenings are seldom given up to gross dissipation or mere amusement, as is the case among men less intelligent and less serious, or who are surrounded by the numerous diversions of cities. Here, in every store and shop, groups of men met at night and on stormy days and discussed with keenness and sound common-sense the great questions of the time. It is impossible to over-rate the advantages of such fireside discussions in a republic like ours. They are the preparatory schools for the town-meetings.

How well I remember the first Tuesdays of March, when nearly 50 years ago, the voters braved the cutting wind, the flying snow, and the huge drifts, to attend the annual meeting at the Centre village.

Some of the boys peddled votes and some apples and gingerbread, the flat cakes of which were devoured with an appetite that nothing but the biting cold and toilsome journey could justify. Such town-meetings made New England what she is. They taught every citizen the difficult art of popular government. In them the plain people discussed and decided the questions which concerned them, sometimes with a terseness and force that might well excite admi-

ration in the highest legislative body on earth. If I were to select for the instruction and admiration of the people of foreign lands the most wonderful and precious object-lesson our national life can show, I would display to their eyes the records of some New England town like this. Marred as they often are by faults of spelling and grammar—exhibiting as they sometimes do the avarice and meanness from which political communities can never be entirely exempt, they generally manifest soundness of judgment, practical wisdom, and unerring common-sense. When I look back upon the leading men of this town 40 to 50 years ago, and compare them with those whom I have seen since in the highest stations, their ability astonishes me. Nor do I doubt that you have the same practical ability here to-day.

Like all the purely agricultural towns of New England, afar from cities, Bradford has diminished in population for many years past. New-Bradford contained 128 inhabitants in 1786, and in 1790, 217. Since 1790 there has been a census every ten years, but I will not give the number of inhabitants here, according to each, as my friend who is to follow me will give you the figures. Suffice it for me to say that in 1810 Bradford had 84 more inhabitants than she had in 1880—70 years later. Between 1820 and 1880 she lost 368. Her greatest population was shown in 1850. It was then 1341, but had dwindled to 950 in 1880.

Empty school-houses, abandoned and ruinous farm-houses, once fertile fields, now devoted to grazing or turning into wilderness again, proclaim how, allured by the love of adventure or hope of success, the youth of New Hampshire have flown away from their native hills, and how, when parents grow helpless or pass from earth, their places remain vacant, and the old homesteads become desolate. The time will doubtless come when the cheap and fertile lands of the West and South will be exhausted or taken up, and the tide of human life will flow back to breathe the forceful air that sweeps from our mountains, and to quaff the pure water that oozes from the granite of our hills.

But however much the Granite State may have suffered from the emigration of her children, she can console herself with the reflection that wherever they may have gone, they have very seldom brought discredit upon their birth-place. Abundant physical exercise and the keen air of their native hills, have equipped them with a hardihood and vigor that softer and more enervating climes deny.

Stirred by the same restless ambition that impelled our far-off ancestors—the blue-eyed barbarians of the North—to the conquest of Rome, they have sought fortune and fame in every part of our broad national domain—nay, in the uttermost parts of the earth. They and those who have sprung from their loins may be found in the marts of commerce—in the learned professions—in the halls of legislation—in all the arenas of human enterprise and activity—successful, powerful, trusted, and honored. Men and women of New Hampshire blood are far more numerous outside her borders than within them, and their influence has been every-where strongly felt.

I am glad to meet here to-day, living proofs and illustrations of the truth of what I am saying, and among them my young friend, who is soon to address you—the lieutenant-governor of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. He comes back to his birth-place to-day wearing on his brow the honors he has fairly won by his untiring industry, his strong common sense, his judicial fairness, his solid ability, and more than all else, his unswerving honesty—which has never been attacked, unless perhaps by some lying thief whom he has balked in schemes of plunder.

How difficult it is for any of us to realize what enormous changes have taken place within the last hundred years. It is not exaggeration to say that the human race has made greater progress during that period than it ever did in any thousand years preceding it.

Imagine if you can the astonishment of Dea. William Presbury could he come to life to-day. How impossible to explain to him how one of us left San Francisco less than six days ago, another Philadelphia yesterday, and how another came from Boston in less than five hours to-day. He reads in this morning's newspaper a long account of great fires in Calcutta and St. Petersburg only last night. He listens to the voice of one of his numerous descendants, who pays his respects to him through the telephone from old Pennacook. He hears of a single corporation at Amoskeag Falls that annually makes cloth enough to girdle the earth—and of the great steamers that cross the ocean in six days. He sees the hay which was mowed, spread, and raked by machinery. He reads with speechless alarm of the thousand wonders wrought by the tamed lightning, which he supposed came only from the thunder-cloud to burn and destroy. Would he not despise himself as a mere babe in knowledge? Would he not feel like a

child surrounded by the glittering scenes of oriental enchantment—like Aladdin, dazzled and overpowered by the gorgeous creations of the genie of the magic lamp? Would he not suspect some new and unheard-of form of witchcraft—snuff the air for the scent of brimstone, and nervously scan us from head to foot, fearing to see the hoofs and horns of the great adversary? Doubtless he would, but yet, that old Puritan, despite his ignorance of modern science and art, may have had the head of a sage and the heart of a lion. We may well be proud of our ancestors, who laid in the wilderness, the solid foundations of this great republic, beneath the shelter of whose starry flag 60 millions of souls are working out the gigantic problem of popular self-government.

It is an illustration of the fixity and stability of agricultural communities, that nearly all the first settlers are represented here in name or in blood to-day. Here are the descendants of Presbury, Davis, Eaton, Hoyt, Swett, Brockway, Brown, Jacobs, and the other pioneers of civilization who founded this town, and many of them live on the same acres that were cleared by the axes of their forefathers.

It has been wisely said that happy is the nation whose annals are tiresome. The early annals of this town are tiresome enough to warrant the belief that its founders found here an Elysium. It took no part in the French and Indian wars. It was scarcely settled at the close of the Revolutionary war yet it was well represented in the battles which won our national independence. In the war of 1812, it of course did its whole duty, but that duty was by no means a conspicuous one.

In the great civil strife which, in the Providence of God rescued our government from the deadly embrace of slavery and cemented with patriotic blood that union on which our national future depends, this town was by no means backward. One of her honored citizens, Mason Weare Tappan, commanded the first regiment that our state sent to the field. I cannot think of him without a pang of sorrow that he cannot be here with us to-day—that we cannot listen to his inspiring accents and grasp his friendly hand. But, though he has vanished from mortal eyes forever—though his generous heart has ceased to beat, and his eloquent voice is forever hushed, he is enshrined in our memories till we ourselves shall be no more.

To the soldiers who, inspired by patriotism, honorably served in that great struggle, we owe an almost boundless debt of gratitude. Grateful should we be also to their wives, mothers, sisters and chil-

dren, nay, to all who strove or suffered for that glorious cause. Never was there a cause more just or momentous to the human race. Never was there a victory more beneficent than that which bound North and South into one harmonious whole. But for it, our country would certainly have been broken into bleeding fragments—forever at war with each other—and we and our descendants for many generations, would never have seen the white-winged angel of peace, unless she came linked to the iron sceptre of military despotism. From the unspeakable horrors of long intestine warfare—from war-born poverty and wretchedness—from anarchy and the weakness that would have rendered us an easy prey to foreign invaders—the victory of the Union cause in 1865, delivered us and our descendants, unless blinded by party spirit, the people of this country fail to appreciate the advantages of union and cultivate discord instead of harmony. We have no prophetic vision to peer into the future, and what the next century has in store for this town and its inhabitants, we cannot tell. But this much we do know—that the prosperity of this town depends upon the prosperity of our country, and that our country's prosperity depends on the preservation of our federal union. The South has been freed from what every intelligent man now admits to have been a withering curse, and which no one wishes restored. Her horizon is illumined by the dawn of a prosperity such as she never dreamed of while in her bondage to Slavery. The cause of dissension between her and the North has been plucked up by the roots and burned to ashes.

The North rallied to arms in 1861 to compel the South to remain in the Union—to weld two hostile sections into one united and happy people with exactly the same rights and duties. For that object her soldiers fought, for that she poured out her blood like water, and her treasures without stint. Would she have made such costly sacrifices to make of the South another Ireland? NO! a thousand times, NO!

Nearly a quarter of a century has elapsed since the war ended, and a new generation which did not partake of its passions is coming upon the stage. Is this the time to fan into flame the dying embers of fraternal strife? The plain, honest people of this country do not wish it. The men whose courage saved the Union do not wish it. He who seeks to flaunt in the face of the vanquished South the trophies of our victory and her defeat—to keep alive the animosity which engendered and was engendered by the war, is willing for party success or selfish

aggrandizement, to sacrifice the very object for which the Union army fought, and to sow the seeds of future dissensions and bloodshed. How paltry and purblind the patriotism that reveres collections of blood-stained battle-flags as the chief trophies of its valor. Its true trophies are such as neither moth nor rust can corrupt, nor fire consume, nor the "all-devouring tooth of time" destroy.

This broad country stretching from sea to sea— its beautiful flag, the symbol of national power, with not a star blotted out nor obscured— a people proud, happy and united in one free government— these are the monuments which will preserve the fame of the heroes whose prowess saved the Union, when the pyramids shall have crumbled into dust.

Let us pray to the great Ruler of nations that Time may heal the wounds mutually inflicted in four years of warfare— that love and confidence may take the place of hate and distrust— that all sections of our country may unite to promote national prosperity and individual happiness, to resist if need be a hostile world in arms and to eradicate from our political life that foul corruption which threatens to destroy by internal rot and gangrene, the great republic which the storms of war could not dis sever.

ADDRESS

By Hon. John Quincy Adams Brackett.

MR. PRESIDENT AND FELLOW-CHILDREN OF BRADFORD:—

For, whatever our ages, we are all children to-day, who have come home to bring our greetings to our good old Mother Town upon this her hundredth birth-day.

The completion of a century in the life of an individual, a town, or a nation is an event that always deserves commemoration. A public spirited community will never permit it to pass unnoticed, whether it occurs to one of their number or to them all as a municipal organization.

The town of Bradford has now arrived at this stage in its career. It is one hundred years old to-day. One chapter of its history is closed. A new page is turned over, and it enters upon its second century. Its sons and daughters, mindful of its past, hopeful for its future, have gathered here to make fitting observance of the occasion. We have come cordially to greet the living, tenderly to remember the dead. We have come to show by our presence our regard for the town and our reverence for its founders. As we are commanded to honor our fathers and mothers, in the spirit of that injunction we also honor the fathers and mothers of the town in which we were born. The plaudits of posterity are ever due those

"Who cleave the forest down,
And plant, amid the wilderness,
The hamlet and the town."

We are here to pay our tribute to the pioneers of Bradford; to manifest our grateful appreciation of their heroism and self-sacrifice in abandoning the abodes of civilization, the pleasures and advantages of social life, and consigning themselves to the solitude, the pathless forests, there struggling amid hardships and privations to establish homes for themselves and their descendants.

We are here also to strengthen the ties of kinship which

ought ever to exist among those who belong, by birth or residence, to the same town. It is a relationship which may not be recognized by law, but it finds recognition in every well ordered human heart. We have a fraternal feeling for our townsmen. It is a manifestation on a different scale of the sentiment which unites the people of a nation. It is a feeling of which we are, perhaps, more sensible when abroad than when at home. Longfellow, describing in "Evangeline" the meeting of the banished Acadians in a foreign land, says:—

"They who before were as strangers,
Meeting in exile, become straightway as friends to each other,
Drawn by the gentle bond of a common country together."

Who of our number is there that has not felt the force of a similar tie, when, far from here, he has chanced to meet another, unknown to him before, it may be, who came from his native town. This is a sentiment to be fostered, for it is conducive to patriotism. The stronger our attachment to our countrymen, and especially to those who dwell in the same part of the country with ourselves, the greater will be our love of country. This is one of the sentiments which inspires us to-day, and which will be reviewed and strengthened by this joyous family reunion.

History tells us, as has been already stated, that the first settler in Bradford was Deacon William Presbury. He came originally from Stowe, Massachusetts, and first settled in Henniker. He was one of the petitioners for the incorporation of that town in 1768, and subsequently held the offices of town clerk and selectman there. Having aided in giving that new town a start, he seems, like Alexander of old, to have sighed for new worlds to conquer, and so we find him in 1771 taking his wife and his worldly goods and pushing still further into the wilderness. He came to Bradford and located near the spot upon which the residence of Stephen Morse now stands. Here he lived for forty-three years, doing the work and undergoing the trials which fall to the lot of the pioneer. He died in 1814, and his wife in 1834, and both are buried upon the old Burying Hill. Upon Mrs. Presbury's tombstone is the inscription "The first and for two years the only woman in town."

History, as I have said, credits Deacon Presbury with being the first settler. There is, however, another candidate for this honor, Isaac Davis, the great-grandfather of the president of the day. The late Eliphalet Davis, the well known manufacturer, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, is cited as an authority for the

statement that his father, Daniel Davis, was born in Bradford, and the date of his birth being in 1766, this statement, if correct, would make Isaac Davis, the father of Daniel, a resident here in that year. The late Mrs. Nathan Piper, who died in 1877 at the age of ninety-six, and who was twenty-seven years old at the time of the death of Isaac Davis in 1808, also used to say, as it is reported, that he told her that he settled here in 1762, and other evidence is said to exist to the same effect. On the other hand are the statements in all the public histories and gazetteers that William Presbury was the first settler. I have no warrant to decide between these conflicting claims, and shall not presume so to do. I merely refer to them, leaving it to others who may be interested in investigating the matter to solve the question as to which of these two brave old pioneers took precedence.

The town records commence in 1786, the year preceding that in which the charter was granted. The record of the first town meeting begins as follows:—

“Bradford, March 27, 1786. Met according to warning. VOTED Mr. John Brown, Moderator, to govern the present meeting.”

John Brown was my great-grandfather, and bore the same relation to the president of the day. We may both, perhaps, be pardoned if we take a little ancestral pride in the fact that in that primitive period the fellow-citizens of our fore-father had such confidence in his knowledge of parliamentary practice as to select him to preside over their first town meeting. He was the first settler at the “Corner Village,” his house being near where that of my father now stands. The other officers elected at that first town meeting were Ebenezer Eaton, Town Clerk; Nathaniel Presbury, Constable; James Presbury, Enoch Hoyt, and Isaac Davis, Selectmen; John Brown, William Clement, and Daniel Young, Committee to settle with the Selectmen; William Presbury, Daniel Cressy, and Isaac Davis, Surveyors of highways. Mr. Eaton was annually elected town clerk for many years thereafter, and had the honor of being the first representative of the town in the General Court, being chosen to represent Bradford and Newbury, then called Fishersfield, in 1796. He kept a public house on the road leading from the Centre to the Plain, and was the grandfather of E. H. Eaton. Of the other officers named, Nathaniel Presbury was the cousin of William. He lived near the Centre where the residence of Allen Cressy now stands. James Presbury was the ancestor of Mason B. Presbury. Daniel Cressy kept a public house on the Warner road at the

corner of that leading to the Pond, and was the grandfather of William P. Cressy.

At the time this town meeting was held the town had no legal existence. The inhabitants felt the disadvantages of this and the next year presented a petition to the General Court, setting forth therein that they labored under many and great inconveniences for want of being incorporated into a town and praying that the township of New-Bradford, together with a part of Washington and a part of Washington Gore, so called, might be incorporated into a town by the name of Bradford. The petition was signed by Ebenezer Eaton, Ebenezer Colby, Daniel Cressy, Joseph Presbury, Stephen Ward, Nathaniel Presbury Jr., James Presbury, John Brown, Abram Smith, Nehr. How. Peter How, Nathaniel Presbury, Enoch Hoyt, William Clements, Daniel Eaton, John Stanley, Isaac Davis, Joshua Andrews, Abner Ward, and Moses Bailey. Appended to the petition was a request that its prayer might be granted, signed by the inhabitants of that part of Washington Gore included in the petition, viz. Samuel Crane, Martin Brockway, Uzziel Batchelder, Asa Brockway, and Simeon Hildreth.

I have made especial mention of some of these petitioners. It would be interesting, if time permitted, to do the same as to all, but I must limit myself to saying that nearly all the names signed to the petition and the appended request will at once be recognized as those of ancestors of well known families who have been long resident in the town and identified with its history.

In response to this petition the General Court, upon the 27th day of September, 1787, passed the act which has been read, incorporating the town. It was made a part of the County of Hillsborough, and so remained until Merrimack County was established in 1823.

Deacon Presbury was invested by the act with the authority of calling the first meeting of the inhabitants for the election of officers, and in pursuance thereof he notified them to meet for the purpose on the 22nd day of the then ensuing October. This meeting was held on the day appointed at the house of Nathaniel Presbury. It is a happy coincidence that the oldest inhabitant of Bradford at this Centennial Celebration, Captain Allen Cressy, lives upon the spot where stood the house of Nathaniel Presbury, in which that first town meeting was held. We are gratified and honored by his presence with us to-day. He is here in the enjoyment of a vigorous and radiant old age. He is two years the senior

of the nineteenth century. On the fifteenth day of June next he will have attained to the great age of ninety years. I know that I voice the hearty feeling of every person in this audience in expressing the hope that his life may be spared to enable him to enjoy that anniversary, and then that it may be prolonged at least ten years more, so that on the fifteenth day of June, 1898, just as we are peering over the partition wall that separates us from the twentieth century, he may meet with us here to celebrate his own centennial.

The record does not state that any moderator was elected at this meeting, and it is presumed that Deacon Presbury, who issued the warrant, presided. Ebenezer Eaton was elected Town Clerk; Daniel Cressy, Constable; Ebenezer Eaton, James Presbury, and Simeon Hildreth, Selectmen; Deacon Presbury, Reuben Whitcomb, Enoch Hoyt, and Simeon Hildreth, Surveyors of highways; Nathaniel Presbury and Isaac Davis, Tithingmen; Deacon Presbury, Sealer of weights and measures; Nathaniel Presbury, Sealer of leather; Daniel Young and Isaac Davis, Fence Viewers; Daniel Cressy, Surveyor of lumber; William Presbury, Isaac Davis, and Enoch Hoyt, Committee to settle with the Selectmen. Thus the new town was organized and began its municipal history.

The year in which Bradford was incorporated was a memorable one in American history. It was that in which the federal constitution was adopted, the centennial anniversary of which event was observed in Philadelphia ten days ago. Bradford is, therefore, but ten days younger than the republic. Our town and our nation both commenced their existence as organizations in the same year and month. What a contrast between then and now as regards them both. Instead of the mighty nation of sixty millions of people in which we glory now, the country then consisted of only thirteen small states on the Atlantic coast, occupying a narrow strip of territory between the wilderness and the sea, inhabited by less than four millions of persons, destitute alike of money, of commerce, of organized government, of substantially all the attributes of a nation. Washington had not yet been elected to the presidency. The southwestern part of our present national domain was foreign territory, and the great North-west was unexplored and comparatively unknown. The railroad, the telegraph, the telephone, the cotton gin, illuminating gas, the electric light, labor-saving machinery, and all the other great inventions of modern times, were, as yet, undreamed of. We cannot comprehend the difference between the

circumstances surrounding us now and those of our fathers then, nor fully estimate the magnitude of the obstacles confronting them, nor the courage and persistency required to meet and overcome them.

As we look back through this long vista of the past, reflections in another direction are awakened. The imagination penetrates the coming century that stretches out in dim and shadowy outline before us. We think of Bradford's second centennial. What will be the condition of the town then, and who will be here to take part in that celebration? We certainly shall not be. But may we nevertheless be stimulated to do the work of our time, according to our opportunities and to the light that is given us, as well correspondingly as our fore-fathers did theirs, so that when our descendants in that far away future meet to observe the bi-centennial of Bradford, they may look back to the men and women of our generation with the same reverence and gratitude which we feel for the sturdy pioneers of a century ago.

Having organized their town government, our ancestors turned their attention to those other subjects which were essential to the welfare of the young town. Among them they showed their appreciation of the importance of religion. The first meeting-house was built in 1796, and the first town meeting held therein in March, 1798. The Congregational Society was incorporated in 1816. The new church was erected about the year 1837, and thereafter the old meeting-house was used as a town house only. I cannot state when the Baptist Society was formed, but it must have been as early as 1797, as at a town meeting held that year it was "voted not to clear the Baptist Society from the minister tax." Two other meeting-houses, the "Pond" and the "Bush," have flourished in the past, but services have not been regularly held in them in recent years.

In this connection may be mentioned some of the more important societies that have been formed from time to time for educational, social, and kindred purposes. By an act of the legislature, passed June 15th, 1811, Stephen Hoyt Jr. and others were incorporated as the "Proprietors of the Union Library in Bradford." St. Peter's Lodge of Masons was chartered June 20th, 1820. July 1st, 1829 Bartholomew Smith and others were incorporated as the "Handel and Haydn Society in Bradford." The Bradford Grange was chartered May 22, 1875, and the Odd Fellows' Lodge, Nov. 14, 1878.

Of the public houses, the first was undoubtedly kept by Deacon Presbury. Those of Ebenezer Eaton and Daniel Cressy have al-

ready been mentioned. At the Centre was a tavern called the "Punch Bowl," kept by Ebenezer Cressy. It had a famous sign, upon which was painted a fair young lady with the word "Temperance" beneath the picture. Whether this was the name of the young lady or an indication of the principles upon which the house was conducted, we are not informed. John Raymond, who married a daughter of Deacon Presbury, was the first proprietor of the hotel at the Corner, which fitly bears his name, and which was built early in the century. That at the Mill Village was erected and first kept by the late Squire Jones, about the year 1815. The Springs Hotel, which has for many years been widely known as a health and summer resort on account of its noted mineral spring, was built at a more recent date. The last hotel built was the "Presbury House," which was destroyed by fire a few years since.

The first post office was kept in the hotel at the Mills, and the first post master was Hon. Samuel Jones, who also served for many years as selectman, and was repeatedly elected representative in the General Court. His reputation as a public man was not confined to Bradford, but he was well known and respected throughout the state, having held the positions of state senator, president of the senate, presidential elector, and other important public trusts. He was born in 1786 came to Bradford in 1809 and died in 1867.

A reference to the military history of Bradford should not be omitted. Although the town was but sparsely settled during the period of the Revolutionary War, it was represented in the patriot army by Andrew Aiken, Abel Blood, Richard Cressy, Daniel Cressy, Abram Currier, Isaac Davis, John Eaton, Offin French, Jonathan Knight, and Abraham Sweatt. Many of the descendants of these veterans are now living in the town. An event which vividly recalled the great struggle in which they and their compatriots took part, occurred in Bradford just 50 years after the commencement of the war. This was the visit of Lafayette in 1825. The late Dr. Jason H. Ames, then a young physician just commencing practice, was the chief marshal of the day. Accompanied by Captain Allen Cressy, John Harriman, and Bartholomew Smith, he rode to the Warner line to receive the old warrior, and upon his approach addressed him, saying, "Gen. Lafayette, we bid thee a hearty welcome to Bradford." The greatest enthusiasm prevailed, and, upon his arrival in the village, old Gen. Abel Blood, arrayed in a suit of regimentals, became so transported with emotion at the

sight of his endeared commander, that he flung his cocked hat into the carriage, striking Gen. Lafayette in the face, but inflicting no serious injury. Lafayette was taken into the hall of the Raymond House and seated upon a platform, and the people were presented to him. When Gen. Blood was introduced, Lafayette grasped his hands warmly and both veterans burst into tears as the memory of the olden time came back to them. Gen. Blood then turned to his revolutionary compatriot, Andrew Aiken, who had annoyed him by making light of his prediction that Lafayette would remember him, and triumphantly exclaimed, "There, old Aiken, what do you think now?" Among others presented was the late Col. Tappan, who, being then a child of eight years, was taken by Lafayette upon his knee and held during a part of the ceremony.

The militia of Bradford had attained to sufficient numbers by the year 1809 to form two companies. Under date of July 1st, of that year there appears upon the records a return of the division of the company of infantry, in which it is quaintly stated that at a meeting duly held it was "voted to split the company into two, and draw the line accordingly, as followeth, all on the west side of the road leading from Hillsborough to Sutton, together with Mr. Ebenezer Cressy and Mr. Asa Stephens and their households, to belong to the west company, and the others to belong to the east company." It may be inferred that at this time the population was about equally divided by the line of this road. This return was signed by Joshua Eaton, Captain. He was the brother of Ebenezer Eaton, before mentioned, and the father of Joshua and J. Hill Eaton. He was for many years Captain of the 5th Co., 30th Regiment of the militia, and was subsequently promoted to the rank of major, by which title he was familiarly known. He died in 1850, at the age of eighty-two years. Among his contemporaries and of about the same age was another prominent militia officer, the late Gen. Stephen Hoyt. He was born in Hopkinton in 1769, and in his youth removing to Bradford, married Phebe, the daughter of Deacon Presbury, born in 1772, and said to be "the first white child born in the town of Bradford." The accuracy of this statement of course depends upon the question whether Deacon Presbury or Isaac Davis was the first settler. Gen. Hoyt was a man of ability and enterprise, a builder of mills and other structures, and a man of influence in public affairs. The remains of an old canal upon which stood one of his mills can now be seen by the side of the road leading from the Plain to the Springs. Some who

are present may remember a speech made by him at Bradford Pond some thirty years ago, in which he christened that sheet of water "Massassechem Pond," in honor of the Indian formerly living upon its shore, and related among his reminiscences, that at one period there was but one great coat owned in the two towns of Bradford and Fishersfield, and which was loaned from time to time to the several inhabitants as their necessities required. He lived upon the road leading from the Centre to the Plain, in the house now occupied by his grandson, Elbridge G. Hoyt, which is said to be the oldest house in town.

Among the soldiers from Bradford in the war of 1812 were Joseph Hartshorn, John Harriman, John Robbins, Hazen Presbury, George Smith, David Smith, and Eliphalet Davis. There may have been others, but I have not their names.

In the war of the rebellion, Bradford has every reason to be proud of its record. According to Fogg's gazetteer the number of soldiers furnished by the town was ninety-seven, of whom fifteen were killed in battle or died from the effects of their service. Of this number the names of forty-two are given in the History of Merrimack and Belknap Counties. They are Col. M. W. TAPPAN, DR. CYRUS M. FISKE, MOSES J. SEAVEY, WILLIS CRESSY, JOHN LYNN, NEWTON CHENEY, JOHN CHOATE, JUSTUS DUNBAR, GEORGE C. SARGENT, JAMES HOYT, HENRY PRESBURY, FRANKLIN PIERCE, FRANK WEST, CHARLES M. GOULD, MANSEL BIXBY, HORACE BENTON, JOSEPH C. HOYT, GEORGE BENTON, SAVORY CHENEY, JOHN EATON, GEORGE F. SMITH, CYRUS E. JONES, P. B. RICHARDS, HENRY HOYT, WILLIAM WEST, EZEKIEL H. HADLEY, AI HALL, OI HALL, PETER C. GREGG, CHAS. C. TAPPAN, MICAH C. HOWE, CLARENCE BAILEY, DAVID K. HAWKS, MINER HAWKS, GEORGE L. WARD, PROCTOR D. WARD, LEVI WARD, CURTIS DAVIS, ALBERT WOODBURY, HOLLIS C. BROCKWAY, GEORGE T. DUNFIELD, LEVI W. BARNES, and TIMOTHY Z. SMITH.

These men were our representatives in the ranks of the loyal host which saved the republic and made it free. Privates though most of them were, they are worthy of special mention here, and are each and all entitled to our gratitude and homage for their valor and patriotism, now and forever more. Bradford also had the honorable distinction of furnishing the commander of the first regiment of New Hampshire soldiers who responded to the call of their country in its hour of peril and distress, our lamented friend who is so sadly missed to-day, Col. Tappan. His name has been already mentioned here and will be mentioned again, but I

should feel that an essential part of my duty was undone if I failed to pay him my poor tribute also. He was the schoolmate of my mother and the life-long friend of my father. Of all the men of Bradford, living or dead, he was the foremost and the most widely known. His fame was not limited to his town, county, or state, but was national. His residence here made the name of Bradford familiar in distant places, where otherwise it would have been unknown. In his youth he enlisted in that grand movement which culminated in the liberation of the slave. For six years a leading representative in congress, when in the winter of '60—'61, rebellion menaced the government, and many were panic-stricken, as the member from this state of the special committee of thirty-three upon the state of the country, when the majority reported in favor of yielding substantially all that the Disunionists demanded, he joined with Cadwallader C. Washburn of Wisconsin in a dissenting report, and defended his position upon the floor of the House in a speech that attracted the attention of the country and received the encomiums of leading men throughout the North. History justified the position he then assumed. When Lincoln called for troops, he was fitly selected to lead the first detachment of defenders who went from the Granite State. The regiment left the State May 25, 1861, and arriving in Washington, passed in review before the president, who, sending for its commander, complimented him as having the best and most thoroughly appointed regiment that had thus far reached the capital, and said, "Col. Tappan, your regiment looks more like war than anything I have seen." This historic incident is one which the people of Bradford will always remember with patriotic pride. We all deeply deplore that the life of our honored townsman could not have been spared until this anniversary. I know the great interest he took in it. The last time I saw him was in the Concord station when returning from my vacation a year ago, and our conversation then was in regard to this celebration. Had he lived to take part in it, he would have been the central figure of the occasion, as he was in every matter of public interest here. He was a natural leader of men, gifted with the large and active brain, the warm, impulsive heart, the magnetic power, and the force of character which produce leadership. His absence casts a shadow over our exercises to-day, relieved, though it be, by the radiance of his memory, which will ever be tenderly cherished by us all.

The population of Bradford according to the census taken in

1786, the year before the incorporation, was 128. The centre of the town then and for many years thereafter was also the centre of population. Here was the meeting-house, occupied both as a church and a town house; here was the first school-house standing near it; here was the pound in which itinerant cattle suffered durance vile, and the walls of which are still standing; here were the taverns and stores at which the citizens were wont to congregate for business and social purposes. The opening of the roads from Fishersfield through the north part of the town to Warner and Henniker, the establishment of stage lines thereon, the erection of the Bradford Hotel and the Raymond House, the location of the post office at the former, the building of mills and stores in its vicinity, tended to build up the north part at the expense of the Centre. The first house at the Mill Village was built by Richard Maxfield, as I am informed by an old resident, and was the mansion long occupied by the late Squire Jones. The construction of the railroad in 1850 contributed still more to the growth of the northern villages, and, by the erection of stores and dwellings near the depot, to unite them into one. In 1830 the population of the town had increased to 1250, and in 1850 to 1341. From this time it has steadily declined, falling off in 1860 to 1180 in 1870 to 1081, and in 1880 to 950. A similar decrease took place during the half century between 1830 and 1880 in all the towns of Merrimack County except Concord, Allenstown, Franklin, Hookset, Pembroke, Pittsfield, and Wilmot. I presume the same is true of a majority of the towns of New Hampshire. It affords a fruitful theme for reflection. It is an evidence that the cities are growing at the expense of the country towns. The greater facilities which the former offer for the acquisition of riches, their social features, their activities and excitements, allure the fancy of the young, and the retired and quiet life of the country becomes monotonous and wearisome to them. Their ambitions are enkindled. They long to mingle in the busy, hurrying throng, and to take their chances at winning the tempting prizes that excite their boyish dreams. the deserted homesteads passed in journeying over our country roads tell the story of the depopulating effects of these aspirations. Standing silent and tenantless, the doors closed, the windows boarded up or broken in, the front yard filled with weeds and grass, no smoke curling up from the chimney, no warmth or light within; one of these forsaken houses forms a pathetic spectacle. It fills the mind of the observer with dreamy

fancies as to the persons who have inhabited it and the scenes of which it has been the theater in the past. He pictures in his imagination the young couple who there may have begun their wedded life, the love and joy that centered about their early home, the children who enlivened it with the music of their merry voices, the social festivities, the huskings, and paring bees, and quiltings, and other gatherings, when neighbors met to contribute their friendly services and have a pleasant time, the thanksgiving dinners, with their heavily laden tables, when the family, after separation, were united again, the bright wedding days, when relatives and friends came to bring their gifts and their greetings to bride and bridegroom, and those darker days, when the family circle was broken and the house was filled again with friends and neighbors tendering their sympathy to those who mourned. The old home is now desolate. Its charms, its joys and sorrows, have departed. The original occupants are at rest. Their descendants have gone to seek their fortunes elsewhere. These scenes are far too common in the rural districts of New Hampshire. These districts are being drained to swell the current of city life. As the Merrimack, whose water power has built up the cities of Manchester, Nashua, Lowell, and Lawrence, and which, after ministering to their industries, finally pours its wealth of waters into the sea, is fed by numberless rivulets which issue from the country hill-sides, so the population of those cities and others is largely made up of contributions from the hill towns of New Hampshire and the other New England States. They are contributions which are vastly needed in those cities to counteract the evil influences and tendencies which are so rife in every metropolis. But while they are so needed, and while the rapid growth of the centres of population is deemed an evidence of their prosperity and of the public welfare and progress, it should not be out of proportion to the growth of the country towns. It was said by Jefferson that "When we get piled upon one another in large cities, as in Europe, we shall become corrupt, as in Europe." The history of municipal government in our great cities, their business and social characteristics, the fierce struggles for wealth and power, the pursuit of these objects regardless of the means resorted to or of their effect upon the public, the defalcations in positions of trust, the chicanery and corruption in politics, the vanities and pretensions and shams, which take all the heart out of social intercourse; these afford startling proofs of the truth of Jefferson's prediction. To aid in offsetting the

deteriorating effect of these conditions upon our national life and character, the saving influences that emanate from our farming towns and villages are needed. John Fiske, in his "American Political Ideas," says, "It will be long. I trust, before the simple, earnest and independent type of character that has been nurtured on the Blue Hills of Massachusetts and the White Hills of New Hampshire shall cease to operate like a powerful leaven upon the whole of American society." To multiply the examples and extend the influence of that type of character is one of the nation's needs to-day. New Hampshire has long been known as a nursery of strong men. Born and brought up amid the invigorating influences of her mountain scenery her bracing air, her rugged farm life, her schools and churches. they have gone forth to aid in the growth and progress of towns and cities beyond her borders. What has been a gain to these outside localities has been a loss to the state. It is a trite remark that New Hampshire is a good state to be born in and to emigrate from. Too many of her young men have accepted and acted upon that idea. This tendency has often been deplored, and with reason; but however much it may be deprecated, however much the young may be urged to remain in their native state and give it the benefit of their talents and their energies, as long as their fancies are lured by the invitations of ambition, it is to be feared that these exhortations will be of little avail.

But if they cannot be restrained from going away, may they at least be prevailed upon to maintain an active interest in their childhood's home. The moral nature of that man who, however much fortune may smile upon him elsewhere, does not retain a warm place in his heart for his native town, is one not to be envied. Fortunate are those former residents of Bradford whose privilege it is to revisit the town, to maintain a connection with it, to keep up their acquaintance with its people. Fortunate are we who are permitted to be here to-day to join in this celebration, to renew the friendships of other days, to enjoy the sweet train of tender memories that fill the mind amid these surroundings. Our hearts to-day all warmly respond to the familiar lines of "The Old Oaken Bucket."

"How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
 When fond recollection presents them to view;
 The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled wild wood,
 And every loved spot which my infancy knew."

May one of the effects of this happy festival be to renew in the minds of her sons and daughters an interest in Bradford, and to induce them, wherever duty may call them at other seasons, to make this their annual summer resting-place. Nowhere will you find friends more glad to rejoice with you in your prosperity, or more generous with their neighborly sympathy and services when adversity and sorrow cloud your sky. The Granite State is famed for the beauty and grandeur of its scenery, and there are few regions within its borders where Nature has been more lavish with her charms than here. The stranger is always impressed with them. How much greater and dearer they seem to us who view them through the magnifying glass of old associations and recollections.

While the permanent population of the town may not gain, the yearly visits of its children, who are still loyal to the memory of home and kindred, should make it a populous and prosperous summer resort at least.

As we stand to-day upon the dividing line between the old century and the new in Bradford's history, as we realize the extent of our indebtedness to the town, to its institutions, its influences, its people, for what we are and what we hope to be, as we bear in mind how the desire and determination to do nothing which could bring any stain upon its escutcheon as our birth place has served as one of the motives to right conduct, as we remember how much of the brightness that has illumined and gladdened our lives has come from its sunshine, as we are impressed anew with a sense of its attractions and of its hold upon our affections, our sentiments towards the dear old place may well find utterance in the words of another addressed to his native New England:—

"Stern land! we love thy woods and rocks,
 Thy rushing streams and wintry glooms,
 And memory, like a pilgrim gray,
 Kneels at thy temples and thy tombs;
 The thoughts of thee, where e'er we dwell,
 Come o'er us like a holy spell,
 A star to light our path of tears,
 A rainbow on the sky of years."

DECLAMATION:

BY ALLEN CRESSY, OLDEST CITIZEN OF BRADFORD.
ON THE DEATH OF GEN. GEORGE WASHINGTON.

The senate of the United States respectfully take leave, sir, to express to you their deep regret for the loss their country sustains in the death of General George Washington. This event, so distressing to our fellow citizens must be peculiarly heavy to you who have long been associated with him in deeds of patriotism. Permit me, sir, to mingle my tears with yours; on this occasion it is manly to weep. To lose such a man, at such a crisis, is no common calamity to the world. Our country mourns her father. The Almighty disposer of human events has taken from us our greatest ornament and benefactor, and it becomes us to submit with reverence to Him who maketh darkness His pavilion. With patriotic pride we review the life of our Washington and compare him with those of other countries who have been pre-eminent with him in fame. Ancient and modern names are demolished before him. Greatness and guilt have too often been allied, but his fame is WHITER than it is BRILLIANT. The destroyers of nations stood abashed at the majesty of his virtue; it reprov'd the intemperance of their ambition and hid in darkness the splendor of their victories.

The scene is now closed, and we are no more anxious lest misfortune should sully his glory; he has traveled on to the end of his journey and carried with him an increasing weight of honor, he has deposited it safely where misfortune cannot tarnish it—where malice cannot blast it. Favored of heaven, he departed without exhibiting the weaknesses of humanity. Magnanimous in death, the darkness of the grave could not obscure his brightness.

Such was the man whose death we deplore. Thanks to God his glory is consummated. Washington yet lives on earth, in his spotless example. His spirit is in heaven. Let our countrymen consecrate the memory of the heroic general, the patriotic statesman, the virtuous sage. Let them teach their children never to forget that the fruits of his labors and his example are their inheritance.

The above was a declamation spoken by Mr. Cressy, in his school days, and was a tribute from MEMORY to our celebration.

POEM.

By Annette M. R. Cressy.

Throughout the listening ages swells
Creation's anthem, sweet and strange;
Its melody of changeless love
Rings clear through varying chords of change.

On every handiwork of God
He writes this key-note of His power;
On stately æons of the spheres,
On insect life of one brief hour.

The sun remote in lonely space,
Lives by the life of other suns;
And in the dust beneath our feet
The same eternal kinship runs.

Linked by the golden bond that thrills
From God to planet, star, or earth,
Each tiniest product of His hand,
He draws and holds by tie of birth.

And we, the children of His care,
Held closely by that tie divine,
Securely tread life's hidden way,
Content, though skies may frown or shine.

We backward gaze through circling years,
And note their seeming change and chance;
The garnered knowledge of the past
We use as our inheritance.

The round world yields us revenue;
 All times, all climes glad tribute bring;
 All lands lie open to our feet;
 All seas make paths for wandering.

And while we claim all Nature kin,
 And widely rove, as ocean free,
 Our birthplace draws our willing hearts,
 As silver moon doth sway the sea.

And when, with years and honors filled,
 Our fair town mother calls us here,
 And bids us celebrate the day
 That crowns her glad centennial year,

With joyful reverence we come,
 And on her altars, offerings lay;-
 Tributes of love and tender praise,
 And blessings on her natal day.

And in the brightness of this hour
 Our wakened hopes and memories throw
 Long lines of light athwart the past,
 The mystic time of Long Ago.

Far back where fact and fiction blend
 In lines as dim as bounds at sea;
 Where legends bold and fancies fair,
 Forecast the history to be.

Before the woodman's ringing axe
 Sent shuddering echoes through the hills,
 Or cleft their forest armor deep
 With wounds the healing sunlight fills.

When smiled the far blue sky above,
 And sun-kissed earth in silence lay,
 Gemmed with the dewy stars of night,
 Clad in the flowery sheen of day.

Green woods the rounded hill-tops crown;
 Green woods the valleys thickly press;
 Blue lake, and brooks of rippling light,
 Accent the unbroken wilderness.

In leafy covert crouched the deer,
 Unchallenged prowled the stealthy bear;
 Shy, wild life peopled all the shades,
 And jubilant bird-songs filled the air.

The echoes of the hills gave back
 The tramp of beast and whirr of wing;
 Shouted the wind's triumphant blast,
 And whispered of the babbling spring.

Unnoticed turns the wheel of time;
 And, into widespread solitudes
 Comes human life, as closely kin
 As beast or bird, to Nature's moods.

Threading the tangled forest aisles,
 The Indian marks unerring course;
 To live, he wages war on life;
 With craft he overmatches force.

Silent as shade of passing bird,
 His light canoe glides o'er the lake;
 From whitening rock, his fitful fires
 On night's dark shield like lances break.

And ever from the ripening time
 Some vantage ground each new year wins;
 The stir of dawn thrills through the night;
 Myth ends, and history begins.

Where once the vagrant wigwam fires
 Curled lazy smoke wreaths in the air,
 The settler's ruddy hearth stone glowed,
 And heart and home were anchored there.

The wide hill slopes are flush with light,
 Where stood thick serried troops of trees;
 Where forests wrestled with the storm,
 Ripe grain nods gaily to the breeze.

The brook that crept with timid song
 Beneath dense, overhanging shade,
 Now, dimpling, woos the zephyr's kiss,
 And laughs with sunbeams, unafraid.

Not easily is victory won;
 Defiant nature slowly yields;
 In want and hardship, pain and death,
 Exacts the cost of harvest fields.

The settler's days brim o'er with toil,
 His nights are thick with lurking fears;
 Yet sturdily he waits and prays;
 His hopes new blossom with the years.

Sullen and slow the savage beast
 Retires before the white man's sway;
 Until within his very lair,
 Fearless, the laughing children play.

The wily Indian meets his doom;
 His empire falls, his race is run;
 And, driven from his father's home,
 He seeks the ever setting sun.

He early fades from history;
 Some lingering memories unlock
 Oblivion's pages; we recall
 The whispered tale of Old Pete's Rock.

And linger reverently where
 On shore of Massasecum Lake,
 The chief, sole remnant of his tribe,
 In silence let his lone heart break.

Only a barren rock remained
 Of heritage once fair and large;
 Yet still his lonely watch-fires shone
 From Old Gile's Hill to far Kearsarge.

Till death he fed his signal fire;
 To yon fair lake, he held his claim
 Unquestioned; in his memory,
 We call the water by his name.

Fast fading into fancies vague,
 Dim legends haunt our woodlands still;
 Each step by phantom foot is trod,
 From Haystack grim to John Brown's Hill.

Long vanished forms, forgotten lives,
 On ghostly trails keep company
 Along the sunny vales that stretch
 From Bible Hill to Sunapee.

But records clearer shine that form
 Of our forefathers' lives a part;—
 The daring deed, the patient hope,
 The suffering borne by dauntless heart,

Where, wrested from the granite hills,
 The field its bannered corn uprears,
 And arms its ranks of ripening wheat
 With shining points of golden spears.

Along our sunny upland slopes,
 That cover Nature's fire-scarred breast,
 We reap the guerdon of their toil;
 Our happy homes are their bequest.

All honor to our pioneers!
 First settlers of our mother town!
 We render homage to the names
 Of Presbury, Eaton, Hoyt, and Brown.

Davis and Smith, and many more,
 Whose children's children here abide,
 And look on broad, ancestral farms
 With quickened pulse and honest pride.

We almost touch those early lives;
 Our veterans may remember yet
 The martial songs of General Blood,
 The army tales of Abram Sweatt.

And General Hoyt, whose tuneful voice
 Adds sweetness to his fair renown;
 And Ebenezer Cressy, first
 To represent his new born town.

And one whose life has almost spanned
 The changes of these hundred years:
 Who shared their struggles, helped their growth,
 Lived in their varying hopes and fears,

Lives in their retrospection still;
 Whose thoughts an old time fragrance shed;
 May crowning years and time's last touch,
 Rest light on Allen Cressy's head.

And thus with living links we bind
 That far-off past to present days;
 The thick set memories of years,
 Blossom along our common ways;—

A mingled breath of balm and rue,—
 Perfume of sweet and bitter flowers;
 The lot of one is the lot of all;
 Each day has noon and midnight hours.

Each life its share of gloom has known;
 Its brimming cup of joy has pressed;
 Has seen the roses of its love
 Grow pale and fade on pulseless breast.

To-day we gaze on fruitful fields,
 On meadow stretches, green and fair;—
 The heritage our fathers gave,—
 The harvest of their lifelong care.

They taught us how to strive and wait,
 From fates adverse to win success;
 Their sturdy truth we venerate,
 Their high integrity we bless.

And holier legacies are ours,
 That deeper yet our pulses thrill;
 We look on stately stones that rise
 Like sculptured lilies, tall and still,

O'er low, green beds of silent dust,
 The last embrace of mother earth;
 Where lie the loves and hopes that hold
 Our hearts more true than tie of birth.

O sacred earth! with weary hearts
 Thy children come to thee for rest!
 Our loved ones slipping from our hold,
 We've lain within thy faithful breast.

Perhaps a little, laughing child,
 A tender husband, cherished wife,
 A mother, teaching Heaven's own love,
 A father, whose untarnished life

Remains a blest inheritance;
 Who lived to help some other live;
 The worth of honest toil to show,
 The wealth of true good-will to give.

O'er many a mound the colors wave
 For which our soldiers bravely died;
 A country crowns their sacrifice,
 A nation shares our loyal pride.

Our dead are near us still; for death
Is but a bend in the current swift,
And Faith's clear light is shining through
The veil our hands may not yet lift.

And steadily we make our way
To where they wait us farther on;
Their brows with God's near sunlight glow;
Their feet tread Heaven's eternal dawn.

Thus filled with hopes and memories,
The countless years of time roll round;
The burden of their song the same,
Throughout creation's endless bound.

From good, through better, on to best,
From the clinging dust to the skies above;
One bond of birth connecting all,—
The bond of God's eternal love.

And ever on the storm-cloud's edge,
Gleam promised hues of rainbow arch;
And through the dirge of centuries past,
Rings future centuries' triumph march!

RESPONSE TO SENTIMENT,

"The Anglo Saxon character— still persistent
and unchanging."

By E. Warren Smith.

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES, AND GENTLEMEN:—

A good many years ago I learned a little verse that runs like this:—

"Of all the countries far and near,
I count my native land most dear;
Of all the cities east or west,
I love my native town the best."

And it is in this spirit I have come back to you to-day. It is true, sir, that I was not born in this town, but I grew to manhood on one of your farms; I received the most of my education in your schools; I learned the lessons of faith and hope in your churches, and I have buried some of the dearest ones of earth in your cemetery: and while I can always respond most heartily to the sentiment, "Massachusetts, God bless her!" my heart turns loyally back to the old Granite State and my native town of Bradford.

Mr. President, we have met to-day to honor our ancestors of one hundred years ago, and it was especially appropriate in your committee to honor the parent stock of our branch of the Caucasian race by this sentiment, "Anglo Saxon character." I wish, sir, I had the ability to speak to this as it deserves, but you could not have assigned me a part to which I would rather answer than this. It is true that in this democratic age, whatever may be a man's ancestry he will have to stand or fall by his own record; but it is also true that the influence of a noble ancestry of wonderful power in giving us a good "send off" in the race life; and our noble ancestry, going back many centuries, has a wonderful influence in the growth of the American nation.

It was in the fifth or sixth century that the Saxons, a powerful race from central Europe, crossed the North Sea and conquered the Britons, driving part into Wales and Scotland, and, mixing with the rest, they held the island for many centuries, and from the union of these two races has come our Anglo Saxon race. The Saxons were a bold, hardy, sea-faring people, always ready for a fight, with no law but the law of might; and although by the standard of this age we should reckon them as barbarians, they nevertheless made progress, so that when they were conquered by the Normans in the eleventh century they retained their language, and to-day sixty per cent. of the words we use are derived from the old Saxon tongue. But it is more of the old Anglo Saxon, or English, of one or two centuries ago that I wish to speak. Senator Wadleigh most truly said that the world had made more progress in the last century than in the previous thousand years: and impartial history will record the fact that the Anglo Saxon, the English, the Anglo American, have done more to benefit the human race than all others combined.

I was taught in my childhood to hate the name of Englishman. One of the nursery rhymes taught me was:—

“Fie, fee, fo fum;
I smell the blood of an Englishman;
Dead or alive I’ll have some.”

The reason for this is readily found in the fact that the heroes of our two wars with England were then living and gave tone to public feeling. Since that time, Mr. President, I have learned two things, among others: first, never to adopt others’ prejudices; and second, never to hate so bad but that I can love afterwards, nor love so strongly but that I can hate if occasion comes.

Since that time the steam engine and the telegraph have come to the front to make neighbors and friends out of nations, who were only too ready to kill and destroy. England has done many cruel, outrageous things, but she is our old mother, nevertheless; and remembering that we, too, haven’t always done right, it ill becomes us to be too censorious against a parent with whom we have so much in common.

When the fullness of time had come, God sifted all Europe to find the seed he planted America with, the largest part coming from England; and, when in after years she undertook to chas-

tise and conquer us, if ever nation was blessed in defeat and humiliation, hers was that case.

Since then, England and America, mother and daughter, have grown together these hundred years, each aiding the other, and neither at the other's expense, till their common language is heard the world over, and their benign influence is a blessing to the oppressed of all nations. England will yet give to Ireland the rights so long withheld, the same as we gave freedom to the African after long years of oppression; and when we drink to the health of His Excellency, the President of the United States, our next toast shall be, "Long live Queen Victoria," the noble woman who made virtue honorable and vice disreputable at the court of St. James, and has always been our warm and steadfast friend.

There is one feature of the Anglo Saxon character without a parallel in any other nation; I refer to the faculty to successfully colonize till the sun does not go down on the English flag. Other nations have attempted the same thing, but it has always been at the expense of both parent and child. I would not forget the important part which the Irishman, the German, and other European nationalities are taking in our civilization. A race that can furnish an Andrew Jackson and Phil. Sherridan, or a Sigel and Carl Schurz, will outstrip us in the race of life unless we recognize the fact that "eternal vigilance" is the price of all our success.

The future historian will have no need to go back to Greece and Rome for great characters and illustrious deeds, for when England can furnish a Cromwell, a Wellington, a Wilberforce, and a Gladstone; and America can name a Washington, a Jackson, a Lincoln, and a Grant, to inspire the Christian and the patriot, the English speaking race will be invincible.

Mr. President, we cannot, if we would, and I would not, if I could, put up any bars to make this country other than a home for the oppressed of all nations; and it only remains for every well wisher of his country to do all in his power to make good American citizens of them all, remembering that the corner stone of true democracy is, to "do to others as ye would that they should do to you."

The transplanting of the Anglo Saxon to American soil was attended with the most marvelous results for good to the human race, and the same results are now being attained in the

transplanting of our sons and daughters to the great West, for in them, in their new homes, we recognize the highest type of the American citizen and the Christian patriot: and we are proud to claim them as our descendants and our friends and members of our common country.

There is one common enemy to our prosperity and civilization, which good men and women of the North, South, East, and West, must combine to abolish or control, or our sun will go down in darkness. I refer to the grog-shop, the pest-house of our age, the breeder of political corruption, and the destroyer of our young men. The signs of the times portend that this will be the question which shall unite the South and the North in common defense, and gladden the heart of every Christian and patriot in the wide world, in a victory for the right.

RESPONSE TO SENTIMENT.

"The Physicians of Bradford."

The person selected to respond being absent, the duty has been assigned to the writer.

Dr. William C. Martin was the first. He came from Weare, N. H. and settled just over the line in Sutton, N. H. about 1794 or 1795, about one half mile from Bradford Corner, a short distance only from where Mr. D. Moody Morse, one of the selectmen, now lives. For a term of years he was the only physician practicing in Bradford, as many aged people in the past have testified. Dr. Willim Martin was the father of one of our oldest citizens, the late William Martin: and his descendants of the third generation, Frank L. Martin and Horace K. Martin, well known to the people of this town.

Dr. Henry Lyman was the next; he came from Warner and was noted as a surgeon.

Dr Jason H. Ames was a former partner and finally the successor of Dr. Lyman. His period of service covered nearly fifty years; he was a very faithful and successful physician; his descendants are well known.

Dr. David Mitchell from Peterborough settled in Bradford Centre, practiced about ten years, and died; he was succeeded by Dr. Frederick Mitchell, his brother, but he did not remain long.

Dr. Harvey Studley came soon after Frederick Mitchell, lived and died in the first house west of the Sawyer place, he died October 15, 1830, aged forty-one.

Dr. Colby came from Henniker, and lived a year or more in the Eben Cressy house, at Bradford Centre. Dr. Weston was the next, living in the Cressy House about ten years.

He was succeeded by Dr. George H. Hubbard of Sutton, a graduate of the Vermont Medical College; he was a regimental and brigade surgeon in the late war, and a skillful and popular physician.

Dr. David F. Hale died at Bradford, December 7, 1848.

Dr. Morgan lived about two years in the Mrs. West house.

Dr. Stickney also practiced a short time in this town.

Dr. C. M. Fiske lived at the Mills 15 or twenty years, and had an extended practice; finally moved to Lowell, Mass. where a large field of labor was open to him. Dr. Fiske succeeded Dr. Doten.

Next was Dr. Nathaniel Clark, sold out to Dr. J. H. Martin, and Dr. Martin sold out to Dr. J. B. Raynes Nov. 1882.

Dr. Charles A. Carlton succeeded Dr. J. H. Ames; who finally moved to Salem, Mass., where he has a lucrative business.

Dr. John M. Fitz practiced here several years until his health utterly failed.

Dr. Eben Harriman Davis, son of Samuel Davis of this town, read medicine with Dr. George H. Hubbard; he was a successful and popular physician, and a graduate of the Vermont Medical College, and settled in Manchester, N. H. He was a great-grandson of Isaac Davis, who settled in the east part of Bradford A. D. 1762. He went into the army as surgeon of a New Hampshire regiment and was brigade surgeon before the close of the war of the rebellion.

Dr. John Milton Hawks removed from this town and began practice in Manchester, N. H. He lives now in Hawk's Park Florida.

Dr. Samuel Woodbury Jones, son of Samuel Jones, fitted for the Medical College under the instruction of Dr. G. H. Hubbard, was a graduate of the Vermont Medical College, and entered the practice of his profession in Manchester, N. H. as a partner of Dr. E. H. Davis, and continued with him several years.

Dr. Diamond Davis, uncle of Dr. E. H. Davis and son of Dan-

iel Davis and Mary Brown Davis; lived first where William A. Carr now lives. He was a successful physician and surgeon, and practiced many years in Sutton, where he died.

Dr. Seth Straw Jones, brother of Samuel Woodbury Jones, graduated at the same college.

Dr. Farley studied with Dr. Lyman at the Corner.

Dr. Reuben Hatch came from Hillsborough and practiced at the Mills one year— from 1837 to 1838.

Dr. Doten practiced medicine in town six years and then went to Manchester.

Dr. Levi Ward, a native of Bradford, practiced medicine here for years; he is now located at Lake Village, N. H.

Dr. Pascal B. Richards has practiced medicine in town nearly twenty-five years, and has performed wonderful cures.

Dr. J. B. Raynes has sold out to Dr. Wallace and removed to Lebanon, N. H.

RESPONSE TO SENTIMENT,

“The Past of Bradford contrasted with the Present.”

By Dr. J. M. Hawks.

MR. PRESIDENT AND FRIENDS:—

This has been a wonderful town meeting. The Town Clerk must have given a legal warning, and all political parties must have brought out all their voters. The last “March meeting” I attended in this town was in the old “town house” fifty years ago. I remember the ring of wrestlers there, and the flat cakes of gingerbread I bought there; I have never since tasted any cake that seemed quite so good as that. This town meeting is a great improvement on that one in several respects; the greatest improvement and the most notable and agreeable features in this meeting are the features of the ladies; they didn’t vote or go to town meetings when I was a boy.

A century of town history is a rich harvest field for the historian, the orator, and poet. Our orators, historians, and poet to-day, as reapers in that field, have done their work so thoroughly that the task of those who follow them is rendered light indeed; and we who come after as gleaners in the field may well be content if we can pick up here and there a scattering stalk or head of grain.

It is but a little over a century since a dense forest like that on Sunapee Mountains yonder, covered this whole region for miles around. Bears, wolves, and deer roamed over these grounds along where these village streets now run, with nothing to fear but the flint-headed arrows of the Indian hunter. Around this peaceful valley stood these everlasting hills in their evergreen mantles of hemlock, spruce, and pine; yonder the sparkling water of the brooks hastened downward to the river and to the sea; farther away lay the glassy lake, reflecting the sunshine, the moonlight, and starlight that fell on its bosom, reflecting the picture of the bold, rock-bound and cedar-crowned brow of Gile's Hill, and the tall pines that stood along its southern sandy shore; a veritable mirror, before which the wild flowers on its banks made their daily toilet in summer time, and modestly blushed at their own beauty and loveliness.

The only traces of human beings in all this waste of woods were the faint trail and the unfrequented camping ground of Massassechem, the Indian hunter, who lived for a while and finally died near the lake and the great rock, both of which bear his name to this day.

But no condition on earth is permanent; to change is the fate of all created things; and change was about to come over the spirit of this quiet dream. Into the heart of this thick forest, with its damp, forbidding shadows, a man and his family came to make themselves a home. We may fancy the glad surprise of the old inhabitants on every hand at this new arrival; and how the hills and the trees stood still in breathless surprise, watching the movements of this new stranger, as he took up his flint and steel and struck the spark into his tinder-box, and kindled the first kitchen fire ever built in the wilds of New-Bradford.

That fire-place was an altar of incense, and the priest at that altar was our first settler, Deacon William Presbury; and as the smoke rose up through the tree-tops and floated off over the forest, the very hills shouted in gladness; the brooks and lakes rejoiced, and all the forest trees clapped their hands for joy. Nature had worked and waited for this event for untold centuries, and now the hour had struck; civilized man, the master of the world, had come to take possession of his own: and so Bradford became a settled town.

Other settlers came, and the population increased; but for fifty years there was hard work for them in carving out their farms from the primeval woods, and in facing the hardships of pioneer life.

Instead of the music of parlor organs and pianos, they heard the whirr of spinning wheels and the racket of looms. They had no time to study books or read newspapers, and no books or papers to read, even if they had had ever so much spare time. In common with the rest of the world, this good old town has made the greatest progress in the last half of the century which closes to-day.

Bradford has given to other towns and other states more able men than other states and towns have given to her. Former pupils in her public schools are now living in almost every state and territory, where, as lawyers, doctors, private citizens, school teachers, or merchants, they are helping to shape the destinies of great commonwealths. Bradford, as a New Hampshire town, has furnished more than her average, or quota, of representatives and senators in the congress of the United States; and a Bradford boy to-day stands hard by the governor's chair in the old Bay State.

Now glance for a moment at the material condition of this fair town. Traversed by fine wagon roads that are lined on either side by cultivated farms, with their commodious houses and barns, their orchards, gardens, and fields, rich with the golden harvest; pastures with herds of sheep and cattle; school-houses almost always in sight, go where you may; libraries of books containing the best thoughts of the greatest and best men who have ever walked on this planet; newspapers fresh every morning, telling you what happened the day before all over the world; your territory traversed, also, by palace cars ready to take you across the continent or to any part of it; traversed, also, by an elevated railway, over which the lightning runs to carry such messages as cannot wait for the daily mail; and to crown all, here sits this gem of a village, fairest in all New England, which is the same as saying the fairest in all the world—in which every house is the home of plenty and luxury, at any rate, where the poorest families have more of the comforts of life, and more of the reasonable luxuries than the richest families in town had fifty years ago.

RESPONSE TO SENTIMENT.

"The Clergy of Bradford— May their efforts always bring peace and good will."

By Rev. Stephen G. Abbott.

I feel very little like addressing you to-day on the theme assigned me on the programme. I feel like speaking of the memories of my six years' residence among this good people more than twenty-five years ago— memories which come trooping home to my mind in such numbers and with such power as to preoccupy my thoughts and render any other theme irksome.

And then as I look around and notice the absence of so many whom I have had the pleasure of counting among my dearest earthly friends, who were for years among my most constant and interested hearers, I hesitate to turn aside from their memory to a more irrelevant theme.

But to-day I suppose we must sacrifice our feelings to the proprieties of the occasion. I do not propose to-day to make any apology for the apparent failures of the preached gospel, for the imperfections of its professors, or the controvercies which have marked the history of the Christian church. Nor do I wish to enter into any defense of the ministers of the gospel as respects their weaknesses and short-comings. I have little indeed to say of ministers at all personally: it is the ministry as an institution of the great Head of the Church, and the message they hold by the same authority that claims our attention.

In this light the ministry of the gospel is the most potent of all the agencies which uplift a people personally and collectively in all the elements that combine to make up the best type of civilization. This statement has never been disproved and has seldom been denied.

The most pure, just, and beneficent governments, laws, and customs, the most peaceful communities, the most general accordance of good will and equal rights, the best society, the happiest domestic relations, the greatest security to life and property, the most prosperous commercial and industrial enterprises have, all

been most generously developed under the patronizing influence of the Christian religion administered by its advocates.

Every form of civilization as a whole receives its character from the character of these individual elements, and these elements are characterized by the prevailing religion of the people. It needs but a glance at what are called pagan and half-civilized nations to furnish a demonstration of this fact. This connection is clearly observable in all Christian nations and communities.

All the institutions of our civilization as Americans, of which we boast as peerless among the nations of the earth, are indebted to the all-pervading and permeating influence of the spirit and principles, the prohibitions and injunctions of our holy religion.

When He who was the personation of this religion became incarnate, the angels of heaven were commissioned to strike on the plains of Bethlehem the glad refrain, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace and good will toward men,"

And when He entered upon His public ministration, among His first acts was that of calling twelve men from their worldly occupations to whom He committed essentially the message of the angels saying, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature;" and the sound went out through all the earth—in Judea and Asia and the surrounding country; in Italy and the islands of the great sea, and in Europe, superseding the barbarous systems and practices of the ages, and elevating the people to a higher plane of being and character.

Bounding over the ocean, the welcome news broke upon the rock-bound shores of New England, and became the prime element in the civilization which made America what it has been and is to-day—the queen among the nations and the model of the world.

Like the enchanting air of Sweet Home, the religion of Jesus runs through all the rattling variations of all that pertains to us as a people. To it are conformed just laws and customs. It is recognized in every branch of our literature. It is appealed to from the presidential chair, from the judge's bench, and in the halls of legislation. Its altar is in our institutions of learning, in our families, and in our voluntary associations.

The services of the minister are every-where demanded; not only in the highest assemblies of the people, but at the launching of a ship, the laying of a corner stone, the erection of a monument, the dedication of a building, at the funeral service and the marriage ceremony. It is all-pervasive in its presence and power to mould

and purify and elevate. Without the minister of religion no city, town, or hamlet, maintains the lofty standard of our civilization; it lapses at once into vice and decay: nor does the message stop here. Retracing its steps it returns in the hands of its humble servants to the lapsed nations of the Orient, and plants its standard amidst the darkness that has been spreading and deepening through the ages, and before the simple story of the cross, the ignorance and superstition, the disgusting vice and barbarous cruelty which has become mighty through the unrestrained liberty of centuries disappears.

The crude systems most noted for spreading vice and cruelty, and for laying insupportable burdens upon its devotees, is supplanted by the simplicity of the gospel, and the effete governments of paganism are moulded into the beneficent character of Christian institutions.

The world's redemption is hastening on with mighty strides to-day through the gospel in the hands of God's ministers.

With the same ratio of progress that has been attained in the past quarter of a century it will be but a few years, comparatively, before every nation of the earth, with the islands of the sea will become essentially Christian, and that, through what Paul calls the "foolishness of preaching."

At the close of our last war with Great Britain the credit of the government was exhausted, business was stagnant, and want and suffering prevailed every-where. It happened in New York one Saturday afternoon in February a ship was discovered in the offing, which was supposed to be a cartel bringing home our commissioners at Ghent from their unsuccessful mission. Expectation became painfully intense as the darkness drew on. At length a boat reached the wharf, announcing the fact that a treaty of peace had been signed and was only waiting the action of our government to become a law. The men on whose ears these words fell rushed in breathless haste into the city, shouting through the streets as they ran, "peace! peace! peace!" Every one who heard the sound repeated it. From house to house, from street to street, the news spread with electric rapidity. The whole city was in commotion, men bearing lighted torches were flying to and fro shouting, "peace! peace! peace! But few men slept that night. In groups they were gathered in the streets and by the fire-side, beguiling the midnight hour with the story of the war, and congratulations on returning peace and the opening prospect before them.

Thus the men whom God has commissioned are every-where sounding the message of peace to a sin-oppressed world, and every redeemed soul re-echoes the sound, hastening on the glad day when from the rising to the setting sun, and from the river to the ends of the earth will be heard in its full consummation the old, old song, "Glory to God in the highest! and on earth peace, good will toward men."

RESPONSE TO SENTIMENT.

"The Fathers and Mothers of Bradford."

By Edward A. Studley.

MR. PRESIDENT, NEIGHBORS, AND FRIENDS:—

This sentiment is one calculated to awaken tenderest emotions in us all.

A century! how much that includes. I had recently a very vivid illustration of this, looking, as I did, in the face of a man one hundred years old. It was an event officially noticed by the authorities of the city of Newton, Mass., and when the panorama of the long past was unrolled before Mr. Seth Davis, his eye indicated unwonted delight and interest.

The oldest person here can probably recall but part of a century. I am not here to claim that the fathers and mothers of Bradford were perfect men and women, but, living up to their convictions, they laid foundations for the essentials in education, morals, and religion. In order to appreciate this in the matter of education let us turn to the earliest records of the town. In March 1789—"Voted nine pounds for schooling." 1790 eight pounds; in 1792 twelve pounds; and in 1797 forty pounds;— a large increase in eight years.

Then in the matter of religion and public worship they were equally prompt; for in the year 1790 it was "voted to raise money for preaching." They also at this same meeting passed another vote, which I think would be called quite liberal, even at this day. It was this:—"Voted that the people of this town shall have such preaching as suits them best, and pay when they have their proportion of the money raised."

I suppose it is not essentially different in the matter of payment. At a social meeting December 1st, 1795 it was "voted to give Mr. Benjamin Wood a call to settle as a minister in this town, and to pay for his first year's salary forty pounds, and to increase the same annually three pounds until it reached seventy pounds."

Here is another vote. At the annual meeting March 14th, 1797, "Voted not to clear the Baptist Society from the minister tax." And at the same meeting, as I read it, it was "voted not to raise money for preaching." Whether this was the beginning of voluntary support for the preaching of the gospel in this town, I do not know. I find still another record, and I am sure the fathers and mothers of the present day have improved upon it. In 1790, "voted that the selectmen provide rum for the raising of a bridge, and the men give their time at the raising." The first part is all right. Here is another item. Aug. 29, 1796 "voted to give victuals and drink to the raisers and spectators at the raising of the meeting-house on the town's cost."

I am confident such votes could not pass now, or even be proposed. I believe the men of that time acted up to the light they had, and that on this matter of temperance it rapidly increases, for among my earliest recollections is an address to the sabbath school at the Centre, by a stranger, on this subject; and what I remember, and all I remember of that address is this: "Touch not, taste not, handle not;" and I think that this applied to temperance means total abstinence.

I left this town at so early an age that my personal knowledge of most of the homes must be limited. I have, however, a very distinct remembrance of one home, of which I may speak, and take for granted it was, and I hope still is, like most homes in Bradford. The atmosphere and influence in that home, made so by that father and mother, was the best legacy any parent can leave a child; gold is not to be compared with it.

I remember the reverence for God's name, His day, His house and its ordinances, the voice of prayer daily; and when the father was taken away, then the mother commended the family, the church, and all good causes in prayer to our Heavenly Father. As a mother of course in such a home, the conversation was often upon themes of grandest import, connected with the duties of this life, and also intimately connected with the life eternal.

My memory does not treasure a single act in life, or word from the lips of that father or mother of unkindness or censoriousness

towards others—only expressions of kindly sorrow for the divergence of any one from the right way.

“The Fathers and Mothers of Bradford,” and of the century now closed! Some are still here charged with the duties of the hour; some have so long ago joined the majority, that, to most of us, we cannot recall form or features; some have so recently gone that we can almost clasp the hand, look into the eye, and hear their voice of kindly greeting—unseen but not unbidden guests of this occasion. Can ye hear mortal voices? We bid you welcome to these scenes of your earthly labors and sacrifices, and ask that when we separate, as the mantle of Eligah fell upon Elisha, so may the mantle of your virtues rest upon us, your children.

RESPONSE TO SENTIMENT.

“The Schools of Bradford.”

By Maj. Samuel Davis.

This being the place of my nativity, and having received the principal part of my schooling here, I am deeply impressed with the thought that a word fitly spoken in response to this sentiment would, indeed, be a desirable thing on this occasion; but how to get at it in the moment that is assigned to me is a matter of no small difficulty.

That public schools have been kept in Bradford for a hundred years last past is quite natural—a very common-place fact, if we limit our reflections to quite modern times; but when our thoughts fly back through the gallery of the ages, and we see that during the principal part of recorded history no such thing as common schools were known, the question arises, why was it that our grandsires, so soon as they had cut away, a little, the primitive forests and made a clearing, began of one accord to tax themselves for school purposes? History is full all along down, of the doctrine that the education of the people was not only incompatible with the divine right of kings and the infallibility of the Pope, but inimical to their own peace and safety as well. They were told that ideas were subversive of social order, and at times there was but a remnant to dispute it.

Thousands of years ago one of the wise men of the East had said, "there is a spirit in a man;" and near two thousand years ago a man had said (if it be proper to call him a man) "teach all nations." From that time, however, crushed by tyrants and persecuted by priests, a spirit of learning was never wanting among the masses; and though it lay fettered at the bottom of civil and ecclesiastical government, like Encelades under Etna, it now and then made the mass above it quake by an uneasy change of posture.

Guthrie, the poor peasant's son, had come and helped them to see that, by public common schools, they could make "of beggars men of power." Cromwell had taught them that kings could not be trusted and should not be feared; the works of Milton and Shakespeare had even suggested the thought that there might be miraculous conceptions in the intellectual, as well as in the spiritual world; the crusaders had brought the West and the East into social and commercial relations with each other, and chivalry had enlightened them in generosity, as well as valor—gallantry, as well as religion: for "love of God and the ladies" was enjoined on the knight as a single duty. Wellington and Bonaparte were each eighteen years old; the whole world seemed to be upon the eve of stupendous events. In two years Washington would be president of the United States, the boundless expanse of our territory was being traversed and its inexhaustible resources beginning to be known.

Now this bird's-eye view—these headlands, suggest something of the condition of the world, the trend of home thought, when our grandsires first penetrated the wilderness and began their struggle for their homes, their families and their laws. But did they understand their mission? By their acts, their votes—more eloquent than words—they proved that they did. The fact is, the old learning was coming back, and this time it would reach the masses, and let us thank God and cherish a just pride that our fathers received it gladly and cherished it kindly. Schools for the children were the songs they sung; the records leave no doubt on this point.

Though environed by dangers that required them to vote eight dollars per month for "minute men," though taxes for the building of meeting-houses and the construction of roads and bridges were necessarily heavy, they moved right on "centering" the districts and voting eight pounds, twelve pounds, and so on

up to thirty or forty pounds a year for school purposes; and as early as 1806 they voted "six hundred dollars for school-house building and repairs."

"Like the steadfast tower, that never wags its top," they stood by their schools for their children.

As a matter of fact our grandsires and granddames were not ignorant, as the word went. They belonged to as noble a type of yeomanry as the world ever knew, and they marched in the fore front of civil and religious liberty, as evinced by a vote in 1790, when, after assessing a poll tax of two shillings a head for preaching, they "voted that the people of the town should have the LIBERTY to have such preaching as suited them best;" and when they "voted that Capt. Ingalls shall lay out his school money where he chooses," they recorded their appreciation of the sentiment of equal and exact justice to all in the matter of school privileges, which it were well, perhaps, for us of the present day to heed.

Families were large in the early days, and the school-houses were generally full; but cash and text books were scarce, and the oil and the candles sometimes gave out; but, in that case the boys, hatchet in hand, attacked the pitch pine stumps, which were made an efficient substitute for "midnight oil;" but these were Longfellow's "idiot boys," and their motto was "EXCELSIOR!"

Good teachers and learned men were not wanting in Bradford, and their works have praised them. Among those who have passed through the dark portal, I can recall the names of Gen. Hoyt, Smith, Jackson, Bert, Elisha Eaton, Felch, Barnes, and Drs. Weston, E. H. Davis, and J. H. Hubbard.

It would be impossible to indicate adequately the resultant good that has flowed from the schools of the good old town of Bradford, or even to name those who have gone forth to perform their life-work, received their early training here; from city and town, from the East and the West, from the pulpit, the bar, and the medical profession, from work shop, engine, and the farm, came a great chorus of voices, saying, in language of thankfulness and love, "we owe our preparation for work to the schools of Bradford."

RESPONSE TO SENTIMENT.

"The Lawyers of Bradford."

By Henry F. Buswell.

I regret to say that business engagements here will render it impossible for me to be present at the Bradford Centennial Celebration, on the 27th instant. Were it possible it would afford me the greatest pleasure to meet the other scattered children of the old town, who, with its citizens and neighbors, will join in making the day a memorable and delightful one, and to perform the part I find set down for me in the day's exercise.

But among all the expected speeches, I am sure none could be better spared than that in response to the sentiment which I find set opposite my name on the official programme of the day. "The lawyers of Bradford" will be present to speak for themselves, most eloquently and fittingly, I am sure; and after you shall have listened to the addresses by Senator Wadleigh and my honored friend, the Lieutenant-governor of Massachusetts, I feel that any words of another, intended to honor the legal profession or its members, would seem weak and superfluous.

For nearly a century the bar of New Hampshire has been eminent in integrity and ability, and has spared from its ranks hundreds of its brethren, who, in every state, East and West, have worthily upheld their lofty calling and helped to administer justice according to law; and, certainly, the lawyers of Bradford have done their part to uphold the honor and dignity of their profession.

Among the figures familiar in my childhood, none remains so vivid in recollection as that of Weare Tappan, who, through a long life, worthily maintained the loftiest standard of professional honor, and, as an accomplished lawyer of the old school, formed a connecting link between the living generation and that which had witnessed the forensic triumphs of Daniel and Ezekiel Webster and Jeremiah Mason.

Of his son, the accomplished lawyer, the eminent and useful legislator, the patriotic soldier, beloved by the citizens of the town that was so dear to him, and the state whose servant he was, you can but think, upon the day of your festival, how he would have rejoiced in it, and how his heart, now as always would have beat as

one with yours. The snows of but one winter have fallen upon his grave, and it is too soon. while the hearts he has left are still bleeding, to venture upon elaborate eulogies of him. That useful and honorable life of near three score and ten years is ended, but its work remains, and he,

"Beyond the toppling crags of duty scaled,
Has come upon the shining table-lands,
In which our God himself is moon and sun."

Our native state has been the cradle and nursery of great and useful men. From the Atlantic to the Pacific, in legislative halls, the courts of law, the marts of commerce, the factory,— on the peaceful farms or the bloody battle field, they have borne their part like strong men. New Hampshire, seated on her granite hills, may watch her sons, present or absent, and say, "Other states may give their cotton or their gold, other soils may yield the rich products of warmer zones, but I have given the nation what is more precious than all these, my own children."

The host of sons whom Bradford, from her valley among the hills, has sent out into the world, may return to the old town on her hundredth anniversary, conscious that they have done their part, by virtue of their works wrought by brain or hand, in the honor which every-where justly belongs to the sons of New Hampshire.

RESPONSE TO SENTIMENT.

"Bradford fifty years ago."

By Mason B. Presbury.

It is a great pleasure to me to be with you to-day, to meet so many of my friends and acquaintances that for many years I have not met before to-day. I see but few of those that were my school-mates fifty years ago at the old school-house at the center of the town. There is a sadness mingled with the pleasure, for as memory runs back to my school-boy days, the question arises, where are those one hundred scholars that belonged to that school? The few are here, but the many have passed over the river; but since you have invited me to respond to the sentiment, "Bradford fifty years ago," I will try to picture it as I remember it at that time; but

as much of the ground has been traversed by those who have preceded me, I shall try to avoid repetition, which may confuse me a little, but I trust you will not criticise too closely, for you know I am a great speech maker.

Fifty years carries me back to my boyhood days— eighteen years of age; I think at that time there were but few men in town whom I could not call by name, and a large proportion of them I was well acquainted with. I remember their faces as I saw them then. I will give you a list of those who were regular attendants at the old church, (or town house), at the center of the town. From the west part of the town were: John Severance, Col. Brockway, Joshua Crane, Amos Morse, Charles Morse, William Shattuck, Mr. Sweatt, Solomon Ingalls, Deacon Short, Nicholas Durrell, Stephen Hoyt, S. K. West, Z. Jackman, Elisha Eaton, and Bartholomew Smith, who took a great deal of pride in letting the people know if there were any parties in town who intended marriage.

At the Corner, Deacon Joseph Shattuck, David Bagley, Isaac Morse, Joseph Morse, John Smith, William Sawyer, John Barnes, Nathaniel Presbury, Joshua Jewitt, Dr. Studley, General Stephen Hoyt, Deacon Nehemiah Colby, Daniel Hale, Silas Abbott, Almon Styles. At the North, John Brown, John Kimball, Albert Chase, Bard P. Paige, Rufus Fuller, Luther French, Converse Nichols, Nathan Cressy, John Gilmore, Albert Cressy; these men with their families, (many of them large,) made a larger congregation than you see at the present day. These were not the only church-going ones, for the Baptist church at the North, the Christian at the Mill Village, the Free Will Baptist at the Bush meeting-house, all had their share of followers. Who cannot say that these were the happiest days for the old town of Bradford.

Among the most prosperous business men, were Nicholas and Daniel Durrill, Major Eaton, Samuel Jones, Nehemiah Knight, Nehemiah Colby, Jabez Sawyer, and Cyrus Cressy.

When in need you were sure to find a friend indeed by applying to such men, this I know by experience. Taking the people as a whole, they were industrious, prosperous, and happy. I have always felt proud of the old town, the place of my birth, and my home for sixty-three years upon the same place where my father, one of the first settlers, and one of the petitioners for the town charter, and the first selectman chosen in the new town of Bradford, built his first rude cabin, reared a large family, and

died at the age of seventy-six years. Fifty years ago our family numbered seventeen, brothers, half brothers, and sisters; to-day I am the only one left to tell the story.

At the Center stood the old town house; until within sixty years it was the business part of the town, containing two stores, one hotel, tannery, two blacksmith shops, two shoe shops, and a potash building, where tons of potash was made annually; but how changed to-day! The town house and hotels have been removed to this village, the stores and shops torn down, and all seems to have gone to decay.

Fifty years ago the new church was built for the Congregational society. At its dedication the choir numbered about seventy-five, under the training and direction of William P. Hoyt, one of the most successful and popular teachers and singers of that day, and the rendering of such pieces as "Old Denmark," and "When the Lord shall build up Zion," would do credit to many of the musical societies of the present day.

In comparing the past with the present, how changed! there are but few that remain on the old homestead. In making a trip through the south part of the town I found Nathan Knight, George Andrews, Capt. Cragg; in the west part, J. H. Eaton, J. Albert Peaslee; near the Center, Charles P. Eaton, Greeley M. Cressy, Raymond and Elbridge G. Hoyt. These are all I can think of, there may be others at the east part of the town, that I have forgotten. To-day many of the farms are deserted and turned to pasturage, where fifty years ago lived the most prosperous men. Like many of the towns of the state, the wealth has left the rural districts' hill farms and concentrated in the villages, the young men not satisfied to stop on the farm, and in their haste to get wealth have gone into different parts of the country until Bradford is represented in nearly every state of the Union. Some have succeeded beyond their highest expectations, others have come short, and perhaps would have been as successful, had they stayed on the old homestead.

I see before me Edward Studley, Jabez A. and Frederick Sawyer, G. M. Cressy, and E. H. Eaton. These are all that I see who were my school-mates fifty years ago. Memory recalls many happy scenes that transpired in those days, that would afford us more pleasure in rehearsing by ourselves, than here. I cannot close without speaking of some of those men who have not been referred to by any who have preceded me, and who were among my best

friends :— Elder Hiram Homes, always giving good counsel, Deacon Nehemiah Colby, always ready with kind words and a helping hand for those in trouble, David Durrell, David Hartshorn, whose interest in my welfare, and whose kindness to me can never be forgotten while life lasts.

Five years ago I left Bradford and the old homestead, with its associations, and made a home among strangers, where I found many friends and kind hearted people ; but still the old town of Bradford has a hold upon me which, I am sure, can never be broken.

RESPONSE TO SENTIMENT.

“The Men and Women who founded the Church in Bradford.”

By Wm. A. Carr Esq.

In the building of any town, city, or nation, there must be not only the clearing of forests, the fencing of farms, and the construction of houses, but a care for the intellectual and moral growth of the men and women of that community, and for the religious training of the children.

The men and women who established the church in Bradford knew that they could do no greater work. Coming into the wilderness, and with all their strength striving to wring from the soil a meagre living, to build homes for themselves and families, they still realized that it was a wise and noble thing to do, to build a church and dedicate it to the living God, that men might have His help in bringing in the reign of truth, justice and righteousness.

So with faith in God, faith in man, and faith in works, they went forth to establish the church, assured that by so doing they were helping to make men, women, and children better. And did they not build better than they knew?

For a hundred years, through good and evil report, has not the church in Bradford been a power for good? From out of it to many a city home, and on to many a broad prairie have gone strong men and noble women, who owe somewhat of their early training to the church. They have constructed new homes and established new churches. Of all the throng, who at first gathered in barns, later in the old church at the Center, and then in this building, not

one is left. Many rest under the shadow of the churches they loved so well. Although, perhaps no storied marble commemorates their labors or their virtues, yet, winter casts upon their graves its wreaths of snow; they are made fragrant in spring by the May-flowers and the violet, and brilliant in autumn by the aster and the golden-rod.

Is it not meet on this hundredth anniversary that we should bring to those men and women our tribute of grateful thanks and kindly remembrance? Shall not we, their descendants, and our children, and our children's children, rise up and call them blessed?

RESPONSE TO SENTIMENT.

“State of Mass.,—Of our best she has taken, and to-day our hearts are made glad by their presence.”

By J. W. Morse Esq.

MR. PRESIDENT:—

For the first time during a life of over eighty years, I am called upon to respond to a toast.

Sir, while speaking of Massachusetts, I shall have to say something of New Hampshire. Our ancestors mostly came from Massachusetts, and planted themselves among the hills and valleys of New Hampshire; their seed has produced a good crop of men and women.

Massachusetts is one of the most noted states of its size of any in the Union, celebrated for its learning, enterprise, commerce, manufacturies, its statesmen and great men of almost all professions; while granting to her all these great and good qualities, shall claim she is somewhat indebted to New Hampshire for brains: for instance, her greatest statesman, Daniel Webster; her greatest lawyer, Jeremiah Mason. We have also sent her some men who knew how to keep a tavern, Pason Stevens. at one time the most popular hotel landlord in New England, James W. Johnson and George Bell, all New Hampshire men. We of Bradford have tried to return our part of the harvest to our ancestral state by sending from the school department four lawyers of note, one a United States senator, one lieutenant-governor, three doctors, six

merchants, besides a large number of others to fill honorable and useful stations from other districts, and sir, I have noticed in a recent newspaper that one of the political parties in Massachusetts, has taken a New Hampshire man for a candidate for Governor and the prospect is that the other will take another for Lieutenant-governor.

I believe Mr. President, we all subscribe to the sentiment of the toast, that our hearts are made glad by the presence of so many of our sons and daughters here to-day.

HISTORIC STATEMENT.

By Mrs. Mary Augusta Lull.

“Not long ago a small vase was taken from the tomb of an ancient Athenian, and about it was the perfume of the roses with which it was once filled.”

To-day, we, the sons and daughters of Bradford, come back to the town of our nativity, to join with her citizens in celebrating Bradford's one hundred and first birth-day. And as we stand here by the tomb of the hurried past, memory touches with her magic wand the scroll that binds her records; and lo! from out the grave of the past there rises blessed memories. Can you recall them my friends? the sights and sounds, the scenes and events of our childhood? Ah! sweeter than any roses that ever grew in Athenian gardens, and far more beautiful to our childish eyes were the roses red and white, damask and cinnamon which, grew in our fathers' and grandfathers' gardens. Do you remember the beds of clover, and the fields of buttercups that seemed like “patches from some golden web” thrown over the fresh green fields in June, and the delicate forget-me-nots that we exchanged with vows of remembrance? And later, when autumn came, how the asters, golden-rod, and sun-loving marigold lifted their regal heads above earth's beautifully tinted carpet of leaves, as if adding their crown of glory to the declining year, while out in grandma's garden grew the odorous balm, sage, tansy, rosemary, and rue, which grandma gathered and hung in the attic for time of need. Out in the woods, the sweet-scented woods of pine and hemlock, we gathered beech-

nuts and such delicious spruce gum! Down the hill-sides came murmuring brooks; and through the valleys rippling streams of water, over which the boys built dams and bridges, and on which they sailed their miniature boats. There were long lanes of "Canary-grass" and hard pebbly roads, over which our young feet, bare and brown, tripped and stumbled on our way to the village school. The village school! how we rejoiced at its beginning,—cried at its close—at least the girls did. With what enthusiasm we studied; with what delight we played! "Old Bear" was the favorite game at the middle of the town. Round and round the old church we ran, laughing, shouting and singing, until every fiber of our being felt the influence of the pure life-blood as it went coursing through every artery and vein, sending the rich glow of health to lip and cheek, and rousing every dormant energy, so that when recess was over, we were ready for mischief or study.

That play-ground! it was the VERY BEST in town, broad, low, and level. There was the old meeting-house, unpainted and unkept; in close proximity the new, modern in structure, and painted white. Just beyond, the old church-yard, where we reverently wandered by day and shiveringly shunned at night. Near by, the cannon house with its ancient gun; how eagerly we peered through every crack and crevice for a glimpse of this revolutionary relic. Near by was the vestry, which was used for church and school; it was for a while Bradford's academy, and so noted that it called boys and girls from other towns and states. Between the vestry and school-house was the pound built of huge cobble-stones and surmounted by great timbers, which seemed THEN like high battlements.

A class of large boys attended the winter school—full of mischief, fond of fun they were; sometimes in physical force and cunning they were superior to the master; such was the case in the winter of 1842. They did not like the master, so one noon they sent the little ones out with the assurance that "we should never get out if we didn't go right away." Then they nailed up the door and fastened down all the windows but one; they left the room by this window and valiantly waited for the master—he came soon, tried the door and windows—there was no entrance—he hesitated, considering, probably, that "discretion was the better part of valor," he left soon; the committee hired another man, named Campbell, and the boys sang long and loud "The Campbells are coming!" At last one came, surnamed Charles; and when the boys found the name of his lady love was Ann Tucker, they

changed their tune to that of "Old Dan Tucker" Unmindful of their songs and ridicule, unmindful of all save duty, he stayed—because the boys had found their master.

Amid the throng of memories from out the grave of the past I hear the sound of the new bell, now softly ringing, now bursting in melody, sending its merry clangor far and wide o'er meadow and mountain. It called us to God's house for prayer and praise; it was a signal bell—the signal of death! How eagerly we listened when, on a week day, we heard it toll—would it be three strokes, a pause, and then three more? or would it be three times three, thus telling whether man or woman had "passed the bourne from which none ever return:" then in slow, measured strokes came the age—it was some one's father, mother, brother, or sister, and our hearts went out in sympathy to the bereaved.

But amid all the fond recollections, and more precious than any other, aye, it is a golden link binding us closer to heaven—now we stand on holy ground, as reverently we utter the words, "my mother! my mother! How tenderly she cared for us; how patiently she toiled for us from morning till far into the night. Clasped close to her loving heart, we forgot all our childish griefs, listening to the sweet songs she sung, while our rocking-chair, swinging backward and forward through the air, kept time to the melody of her song. Or at night, when the wind was high, and the rain fell fast, we heard her coming up the attic stairs. Ah! even now, sometime,

In fancy comes my mother,
As she used in years ago,
To survey the infant sleepers,
E'er she left them till the dawn.
I can see her bending o'er me,
As I listen to the strain
That is played upon the shingles
By the patter of the rain."

And the fathers—the brave pioneers, who made homes for themselves and their children in a wilderness! Many of them were of limited education, but well informed on all subjects pertaining to the general welfare of the town; and they and their descendants have identified themselves with its educational and business prosperity.

Among the physician were Drs. Stanley, Ames, and Weston, who were noted physicians; they healed the sick and helped the needy with kind words and deeds of charity. Dr. Weston was an able writer; many will remember his poem entitled "The hills of South Bradford." He was a Christian gentleman, and his many acts of kindness, quietly performed, will never be forgotten.

Among those who ministered to the spiritual well-being of the citizens, were Revs. Steele, Page, Thatcher, Rogers, Elder Holms, and Elder Gillingham.

Again, in the Church at the Center, I seem to stand at the front window of the singing seats and watch the congregation as it assembled, coming from all parts of the town, some in carriages, others on foot. From the north came the Carrs, Tappans, Chases, Cochrans, Browns, Kimballs, Martins, Wadleighs, Raymonds, and "Morse and Blanchard" with their families. From the west, the Durrells, Brockways, Sweats, Smiths, Severance, Strattons, Peaslees, Morses, Ingalls, Bryants, Bagleys, Everetts, Jackmans, Wests, Hoyts, and Captain Eaton's family. From the east, the Hartshorns, Hales, Colbies, Knights, Davises, Millens, Sawyers, Cressies, Rows, and that genial, kindly man, who was loved by all the boys and girls— Joshua Jewett, and with him his sister Sally.

From the south part, the Butmans, Savages, Ayers, Colbies, Fultons, and Amos Morse's family. Nearer the church was Ebenezer Cressy, a citizen honored for his integrity, while his brother Cyrus, "tall and stately as a cedar of Lebanon," interested the children with his anecdotes and relics of the revolutionary war. And the Shattucks, Lunds, and Bartholomew Smith, who was for many years a representative of the town. After tying their horses, the men loitered about the church door, while the women exchanged bits of gossip in the entry until the bell tolled, then all took their seats. The choir, led by the musical Hoyts or Presbies, sang from "Watt's Hymns" the old soul-stirring tunes, while sweet Olive Hoyt, the General's only daughter, led the bass with the four stringed viol; then the clergyman followed with devout prayer, and "the word"— as he understood it— commencing, "men and brethren;" The women were usually left out till one Sunday, when Abby Fulsome, one of the famous pioneers of the "Anti-slavery and Woman's Rights Movement," came into our church during prayer, and to our amazement, mounted the pulpit steps and quietly took one of "the deacon's seats." As soon as the minister said "amen," and turned to sit down, she stepped into

his place and began to talk. I shall never forget her attitude or his look of surprise. The good man reasoned with her saying "this is my pulpit-time and place;" he might as well have attempted to calm the sea in a tempest, for she kept right on. In despair the minister called the deacons to his assistance; they in turn tried to persuade her to leave the desk, but she only talked the faster: then they laid hands on her, when her tongue stopped, and she dropped to the floor as if shot, the deacons looked frightened and let go their hold, when she was again on her feet, talking more enthusiastically than ever. They took hold of her again, dragging her down the pulpit stairs and along the aisle into the entry, and did not return till they saw her ride away in the carriage waiting for her.

The grand old fathers, with their careful observance of the Sabbath, and their strict ideas regarding sin and its punishment, have inspired their descendants with reverential remembrance, and we know the world is better for the existence of such men. To the names already given we would add those of two former residents of Bradford Center; the late Albert F. Cressy of Newark, New York, and Edward Studley of Boston, Massachusetts, who, when the old church languished and thorns and briars threatened to choke out "the roses of Sharon and Easter lilies"—placed their shoulders to the wheel and raised God's sanctuary from its ashes.

Looking back now to our childhood's days; they seem like a sweet prelude to the "grand march of life" which we all then anticipated. How is it to-day? Some have marched to music full of harmony, with seemingly few discordant notes. Such have led quiet, useful lives in the dear old town; and now "their children rise up and call them blessed." Others have kept quick-step to jarring, wrangling strains, full of minor chords. Many of the Bradford boys have taken high places of honor and trust in town, state, and nation. I well remember how the late Mason W. Tappan, Bradford's favored favorite son, used to sing:—

"Ho! the car of emancipation
Rides majestic through the nation,
Bearing on its wings the story,
'LIBERTY, a nation's glory!'"

On this train Mr. Tappan took passage and rode triumphantly into the House of Representatives in Washington. Later, we who

were boys and girls in 1842, rejoiced when we heard that our old school-mate, Hon. Bainbridge Wadleigh, was elected United States senator from New Hampshire.

Still later, when our fair sister state was looking among her citizens for a governor, she found in one who was a Bradford boy, the requisite qualities; and to-day we are honored by the presence of Lieutenant-governor Brackett of Massachusetts.

But the grandest march of all that Bradford boys ever made, was when they donned the blue, and, to the music of fife and drum, dared to march "into the very jaws of death" to help save our country from anarchy and ruin in its hour of peril. How weary the march, how terrible the sufferings, only the old soldier knows. Sometimes I knowt he water you drank was putrid and loathesome, and your bread black and mouldy. To be sure, at night, when without shelter of house or tent, the canopy above you was regally magnificently studded with innumerable stars, placed there by the hand of the Master Builder and Artist. But clouds intervened, shutting out the regal spectacle, shutting out all but the pitiless rain on your uncovered heads. Disease and death ever lay in wait for you, sometimes facing you boldly in battle array, again descending in hot haste on the fierce beams of the noon-day sun, or stealthily lurking in the air of night, filling your blood with pestilence and poison, thus helping the bullets in their work of death. So I repeat it, veterans, you have made the grandest, most beneficent march of all; and from henceforth the "laurel crown" of victory is yours. Chasten your glorious conquest with the soldier's noblest virtue—magnanimity to the fallen foe; for so reunited, conqueror and conquered from farthest north through sunny south, from the Atlantic slope to the far off Pacific coast, together shall sing:—

"The lily may fade, and its leaves decay;
The rose from its stem shall sever;
The thistle and shamrock shall pass away,
But the STARS shall shine on forever!"

And now all hail! old Bradford, as you take up another century's march. Turn thy waters, oh, Lake Sunnapée, and give them to the river of the valley that bears thy name, so that upon its banks many factories for cotton and wool shall keep the old grist and saw mills company. May your borders increase, and

within them come many worthy, gallant, manly sons, beautiful, womanly daughters. May you ever thrive and prosper, beloved town of our nativity, while the years weave themselves into scores, and the scores into other centuries.

And ye, oh ye everlasting hills, standing around like sentinels guarding this beautiful valley, watch, also, we pray thee, over the dust of our ancestors, for here for three generations they lie entombed. Shade of my grandmother, whose baby-voice first broke the stillness of a savage wilderness! spirits of our ancestors! if ye are present to-day, listen while we offer to you our tribute of gratitude and love. Sleep on, sacred dust, while the wind chants thy requiem, and the silent stars keep faithful watch over your graves.

Sons and daughters of Bradford, the day is fast passing; on the morrow as we go from this home of our birth— thanks to the hospitable citizens of Bradford— we shall carry with us pleasant recollections of this, “a red letter day” in our lives, and blessed will be its memories forever.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The following are a few of the many letters we have received from old townsmen and former residents. Did space permit we should be most happy to publish all that have been received, as it could not fail to be a source of gratification to all who shall peruse these pages.

WARNER, N. H. AUGUST, 28th, 1887.

Centennial Celebration Committee, Bradford, N. H.

Gentlemen:—

Your letter of invitation to the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the incorporation of the town of Bradford, is herewith gratefully acknowledged.

It would afford me great pleasure to participate, but my health and strength are such that prudence forbids my attendance in body, but I assure you that on that day my mind will dwell not alone upon your present prosperity and standing as a town, but upon events coming within my knowledge, and extending over a period covering more than three-quarters of the century just closing to your town.

My first visit was when a girl in my teens, more than seventy-five years ago, in company with others long since laid away. I was present at an old-fashioned annual "Muster" of our gallant soldier-boys. I was so impressed by the spirit of chivalry and the martial bearing of these brave men, your ancestors—gentlemen—that the memories of the day has never left me. The same spirit was with all of us to a much greater extent than with the youth of to-day, or so it seems to me.

One of the sights of that day was the gallant old General Hoyt splendidly mounted and commanding his little army in a way that completely captivated our young hearts. At that time your beautiful village on the river was hardly in existence, a few houses at the Centre being the only collection— Since then every year has brought you in one way and another more of God's blessings— and may you and your children and your children's children continue to enjoy them through time marked by many a happy Centennial Celebration, is the wish of one who for over thirty years was numbered among you, and who in all that time met with naught but kindness and love at your hands, and who now in her ninety-fourth year wishes you every success and enjoyment in your Celebration.

S. SOPHIA LANE.

GARDEN CITY, KAN., SEPT. 21, 1887.

Messrs. { Charles F. Davis,
Horace K. Martin, } Committee.
George S. Morgan, }

Gentlemen :—

I sincerely regret that it is out of my power to accept your very kind invitation to attend the one hundredth anniversary of the incorporation of the town of Bradford, a town associated with my earliest recollections, and endeared to me by many years of residence.

Though not a native of the town, I have always regarded it as my real home, and there my early friendships were formed. More than thirty years of absence has not weakened the ties that bind me to the dear old haunts of my childhood and youth, nor dimmed the warm feeling of friendship for the hundreds of good men and women with whom I held kindly intercourse in my earlier days.

Nothing in life could afford me more sincere pleasure than to meet with you on the pleasant September day that I trust is reserved for your celebration, to look once more upon the well-remembered faces, to exchange greetings and listen to the exercises of the memorable day. Delightful would it be to a toil-worn wanderer like myself to revisit the dear old spots so cherished in memory, once more to gaze on the bright streams that wind among your hills, the grand mountains that stand around you, and the beautiful and fertile valleys and verdant hill-sides that comprise your homes.

I was not aware until the receipt of your welcome letter of invitation that the good old town was incorporated in the same year that our noble constitution was framed, and but ten days after that immortal document received the signatures of George Washington, Benjamin Franklin, and the other illustrious patriots who framed it. I did not realize that my own short life measured more than two thirds of the corporate life of the town. Bradford, with its neighboring towns of Sutton, Newbury, and Warner, all watered and drained by Warner River and its tributary streams, constitute a group of which any American may be proud to say, "there was my birth-place and my earliest home." And the men who first made their homes there, and with their bright axes and strong arms

opened up the virgin soil to the sun, deserve to be held in honored memory for all time.

My own experience of pioneer life under far different circumstances and conditions has taught me how to reverence the men who subdued the rugged hills and forests of New Hampshire. They were a heroic race such as this world has seldom seen. Stout hearts and strong arms only could have prevailed against the stubborn forces of nature that confronted them at every step. Every mile of road which they built cost more labor than goes to the grading of ten miles of railroad on our Kansas plains. Ever bridge was an achievement; and the first saw and grist mills were things to be proud of; the first blacksmith shop was a monument of progress; and the first church and school-house things to exult over.

I well remember the strongly marked features and sturdy forms of many of those pioneers. Their names will never escape my memory. The Adamsses, Andrews, Ashbies, Amesess, and Abbotts;— the Browns, Buswells, Blaisdells, Bateses, Brockways, Blanchards, and Baileys,— the Cressies, Carrs, Chases, Crams, Cochrans, and Colbies,— the Davises, Durrells, Danes, Dowlins, and Dotens,—the Eatons, Emersons, and Eastmans,—the Frenches, Farleys, and Felches,— the Goulds, Gillinghams, Georges, and Grays,— the Hoyts, Harts, Hardies, Halls, Howletts, Hawksses, Harrimans, and Hows,— the Ingallses,— the Joneses, Johnsons, Jewetts, and Jamesons,— the Knights, and the Kimballs,— the Lanes, and the Laws, and the Lunds,— the Mosses, Martins, Marshalls, Morgans, Maxfields, and Murdoughs,— the Nicholsses, the Presbies, Peaslees and Perkinses,— the Rogerses, Redingtons,— the Smiths, the Tappans, the Wadleighs, Woods, and Ways; all seem to come up before me as I write, and for every one of every name I feel a kindly thrill of emotion. But alas! the names recall many dear faces that I shall look upon no more. They have passed over the river to join the majority beyond— and there, I too, must soon go with them in the "land of the dead."

Seated here in my pleasant homestead cottage by the swift-flowing waters of the great Arkansas River, where the lines of 38 degrees north latitude and 101 degrees of west longitude cross each other, just one twelfth part of the earth's circumference, or more than 2,000 miles north, in the very heart of what used to be considered the great American Desert, yet surrounded with all the evidences of fertility, with fruits and flowers always in sight, and a city grow-

ing up like Jonah's gourd, requiring all my time to supply the editorials for one of its daily newspapers— I am yet drawn strongly toward the old home and find myself indulging in the pensive mood, and unconsciously breathing the old refrain:—

“Way down upon the old Warner River,
Far far away;
There's where my heart is turning ever,
There's where the old folks stay.”

Such, I am sure, is the feeling of every true son of New Hampshire who finds himself far away from the old home of his youth, and yet I would by no means be understood as regretting the step I took more than thirty years ago, when I voluntarily left the old home to cast in my lot with the new.

I have met with unexpected success, and, also, with severe reverses; but have enjoyed the pleasure of seeing a great and prosperous state grow up in the bleak and bare wilderness, and of seeing more than a million and a half of people inhabiting it, with resources ample for the support and comfort of millions more.

New Hampshire and all New England have contributed powerfully to this unexampled growth and prosperity, and yet they have only grown richer and stronger by the aid they have given. New England, is the schoolmaster of the Union— especially of the great West— and will always be so. Kansas has drawn but 791 of her 1,600,000 inhabitants from New England, and a like small number from the other New England states, while she has drawn 194,000 from Illinois, 109,000 from Iowa, 94,000 from Indiana, and 25,000 from Kentucky, with like large numbers from other western and southern states; and they are still coming by swarms at the rate of some thousands every day; yet the few from New England are like the leaven we read of, which, hidden in the measures of meal somehow leavened the whole lump.

I would exhort you to keep the old fires bright among the hills. Keep the old school-houses in good repair, or replace them with new ones, and have no fears that the growth of the West will in any way detract from the prosperity of the East. We can soon send you the silk, salt, and sugar, as well as the corn, wheat, oats, and rye— the beef, pork, and poultry which you may require for your crowded and bustling cities; but we shall always want so many things in return that we shall still remain your debtors.

So long as the same flag shelters us, and the same spirit and

language animates our hearts, the East and the West will be help-mates, and not rivals.

I beg your pardon, gentlemen, for inflicting upon you so long and so prosy a sermon, and will close by the expression of heartiest wishes for the success of your celebration, and for the prosperity and happiness of yourselves, your families, and every individual that calls the good old town his home.

Very truly your friend and former townsman,

L. D. BAILEY.

CHEROKEE, IOWA, AUGUST, 27th, 1887.

Messrs. Davis, Martin and Morgan : Centennial Celebration Committee of Bradford, New Hampshire.

Gentlemen :—

I have this day received your kind invitation to be present at your centennial celebration on September 27th next.

I am very sorry to be obliged through a multiplicity of reasons to say that it is not in my power to comply with your invitation. Ever since I first heard of your intention to celebrate, I have had a longing to be present on that occasion.

It was my fortune sixty years ago the ninth of November last to first see the light of day upon a hill-side sloping to the north and east, and overlooking that most beautiful little lake, Massasecum, whose sandy beach and pine grove, its three little islands and the rounded hill-top upon the northern side, and the little trout brooks that flow into it, are all familiar to my recollections, although over forty years have passed since I ceased to be a resident of the town.

Still a love for my native town and state has never ceased ; and now I am forced to say that a little warmer feeling remains in my heart toward my native town than any other spot.

With her soil mingles the dust of my kindred, and for that reason, if no other, she has one spot more sacred to me than any other.

There are three states in which I have an unusual pride,— my native state, the first state of my adoption, Illinois, and the one in which I now live, Iowa,— but as all the states are at peace, and in harmony with each other, I will close, with the following sentiment to,— “The American Eagle.

Standing as he does with one foot upon the Rocky Mountains and the other upon the Aleghanies, dipping one wing in the Atlantic,

the other in the Pacific, sweeping the Gulf of Mexico with his tail, and drinking from Lake Superior,— may he ever occupy that high and noble position.

YOURS RESPECTFULLY,

WM. HALE.

LOST NATION, CLINTON CO., IOWA, SEPT. 22, 1887.

Centennial Celebration Committee, Bradford, N. H.

Messrs :—

Your invitation, addressed to my father, came into my possession some time since. I regret very much that no member of our family will be able to be present at the one hundredth anniversary of old Bradford. I sincerely assure you it would be a great pleasure to visit the scenes of our childhood, meet the few friends that are now left to greet us, gaze once more on the grand old hills, and see nature as she seemed in our earliest day. Though now far removed from our early home, and situated amid the business and bustle of the rapidly growing West, the memory of the dear old town is ever green.

My grandfather, Jonathan Morse, was one of the first settlers in Bradford, when the spot where your flourishing town now stands was one wild waste of timber, traversed by no wagon roads, and their only means of travel was on horse-back. He lived, however, to see the beautiful town spring up in the wilderness.

My father, Amos Morse, removed to Iowa in 1855, where he lived until his death, which occurred in 1880. My mother is still living, and in her eighty-first year. The family all unite in thanking you for remembering us after our long absence, and hoping the next centennial anniversary will find the grand old town still prospering, and with as large a number of patriotic citizens to celebrate the day, as I am sure will assemble in honor of this event.

YOURS RESPECTFULLY,

PERKINS MORSE.

SOUTH NORRIDGEWOCK, MAINE, AUG. 26, 1887.

Messrs. Centennial Celebration Committee:—

Your invitation is received. It would be a pleasure to comply and be with you, and yet a painful one in view of those to be missed at your gathering. In fact the dropping out of friends began to oppress me before leaving, and since that time there has been not a few to pass away. Yet I would be glad to be with you, but circumstances likely will forbid. Mrs. P. is in the midst of a typhoid fever, and my time is otherwise compromised. I trust you will realize the anticipated pleasure and benefit from your gathering.

Thanking you for the favor of an invitation, I wish you all success.

For the family,

E. PEPPER.

STEWARTSTOWN, SEPT. 24, 1887.

Centennial Celebration Committee, of Bradford, N. H.

Dear Sirs:—

Your kind invitation to me and family to be present at the centennial anniversary of my native town was duly received.

It would give me the greatest pleasure to reunite with the associates of my youth and young-womanhood upon the soil of my birth. The faces and forms of those surviving friends, whose memory is fostered by many pleasing recollections and golden ties, like our own, must be so changed by the processes of time as to make us almost unrecognizable to one another, yet, by such a meeting we would probably soon be able to identify the most altered countenance. Such a meeting and reversion to old events must be a happy one indeed. Would that I could be with you, but distance and age forbid the undertaking. Please convey my sincere regards to those present, and say that the associations of my early life in Bradford will be the last to be effaced from my fading memory. If I never meet them again in mortal life may there be a glorious reunion hereafter, where the full fruition of our hopes are realized.

Very truly yours,

JULIA A. DAVIS FLANDERS.

BOONE STATION, IOWA, SEPT. 22, 1887.

To Charles F. Davis, Horace K. Martin, George S. Morgan,
Centennial Committee, Bradford, N. H.

Gentlemen:—

It is with sincere regret that I find myself unable to accept your kind invitation to be present at the one hundredth anniversary of the incorporation of your town, and the home of my boyhood.

Its first settlement having been made in 1771 by my great-grandfather, Deacon William Presbury, sixteen years previous to its incorporation, which fact makes this reunion of former residents of the town, relatives, friends, and their descendants, doubly interesting to me.

Bradford one hundred years ago, and Bradford to-day, would not be recognized by its incorporators. Then with scant inhabitants and uncultivated lands; now with its pleasant farms and beautiful villages, teeming with wealth, enterprise, education and refinement. The grand old town has been ably represented in Congress by her sons, who were also among the first and bravest to defend the honor of the glorious old flag and all that its stars and stripes implied. Bradford!—may her prosperity be as lasting as her "Eternal Hills."

Yours with kind regards,

ORLANDO THATCHER MARSHALL.

ST. THOMAS, ONT., SEPT. 3, 1887.

Messrs. { Charles F. Davis,
Horace K. Martin,
George S. Morgan, } Committee.

Gentlemen:—

Your notice of the centennial celebration on the 27th of September, at Bradford has been forwarded to me, asking my attendance. I deeply regret that owing to pressing business engagements I cannot be with you.

We cannot but look back with admiration at the determination and perseverance shown by our fathers and mothers one hundred years ago. Before them stood a heavy timbered forest, the out-

growth from a hard and rocky, yet fertile soil. They came to Bradford with small means and but little money, but with what they had, they resolved to clear and subdue those forests and to convert them into cultivated fields, rich meadows, and green pastures; to build houses and produce and manufacture every thing necessary to make them an independent, self-sustaining people—and it was done. Now do not forget that all that they had was “home production.” The same industry and energy would make Bradford a garden to-day. I am sorry that I cannot be with you.

Very truly yours,

J. P. MARSHALL

STARINS, GLEN ISLAND, NEW YORK, SEPT, 19, 1887.

To the Hon. Committee
of the Centennial Celebration,
of Bradford, N. H.

Gentlemen:—

On receiving your kind invitation to be present on Tuesday, Sept. 27th, 1887, to celebrate good old Bradford's one hundredth anniversary, I am carried back to my boyhood days, and tears are brought to my eyes. God bless old Bradford! it is the dearest spot on earth to me; in it I spent my happiest days, and all that is earthly of my beloved parents are sleeping in your midst. Well do I remember the scenes of my childhood, free from cares and sorrows, enjoying in field and on hill our childish sports and watched and cared for by loving parents. There is the same old orchard, the same old spring, whose cool and pure water often soothed my parched lips. In those days the boys and girls of good old Bradford took their full measure of pleasure. The winter with its continuous snow storms for months gave them the joyous sleigh rides, parties, and other festive occasions.

The first rays of spring was the signal for making maple sugar, and then followed summer work, interlarded at times with fishing and berrying, until harvest with its apple paring bees and pumpkin pies ended the season.

For thirty-five years I have only occasionally visited the dear old town, but in all my travels and ups and downs in life it has

remained to me always the dearest spot on earth. Situated in one of New Hampshire's most beautiful valleys, surrounded, as you say, "by the eternal hills of nature's own protection," and old Kearsarge in the distance, makes it to-day one of New Hampshire's most charming spots.

But the object of your celebration brings us back to the days when it took stout and brave men and women to cast their lot in the wilderness, as Bradford was then surrounded by savages and beasts of prey. They were God-fearing men and women, and with His help went to work. Log houses were built, fields planted where once only forest and wilderness could be found. We, the descendants of these brave ancestors should offer up to the throne of heaven a silent prayer to their sacred memory.

My father was born in the year 1780, in the then lower part of the town. I well remember when on cold winter evenings we gathered around the fireside, he related the early history of old Bradford, with its dangers from savages and wild animals. We listened to it with open ears and bulging eyes, of the dangers that these brave men and women had to endure to protect their homes and families. Those were the days that tried men's souls.

But old Bradford has another source of which she may be proud, she has turned out some of New Hampshire's most celebrated men, such as the late Hon. M. W. Tappan,, who held many offices of trust with great honor, the Hon. Bainbridge Wadleigh, late United States senator, the Hon. J. Q. A. Brackett, Lieutenant-governor of Massachusetts, and Hon. J. W. Morse, state senator.

The good people of old Bradford have many things to be thankful for, and I pray that the good Lord in heaven may grant you His blessing, that you may enjoy prosperity and long life.

I am extremely sorry not to be able to be present at this great event of my dear old native town, but my business engagements are such that they will not permit my participation.

I send good cheer to the good people of the dear old town.

Very respectfully yours,

E. R. ABBOTT.

One of old Bradford's "boys."

PRESCOTT, WIS., SEPT. 20, 1887.

To Messrs. Davis, Martin, and Morgan,
Com. of Centennial Celebration.

Sirs:—

I have the pleasure of acknowledging your invitation to the ceremonies attending the one hundredth anniversary of the settlement of my native town, and regret that circumstances will not admit of my being able to meet with old friends and neighbors on that joyful occasion.

Hoping the day may be in every way enjoyable,

I remain sincerely yours,

H. C. MARSHALL.

United States Land Office, Central City, Colorado, Sept. 22, 1887.

Messrs. Davis, Martin, and Morgan,
Gentlemen:—

I received your kind invitation to the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the incorporation of the town of Bradford, for which I give you my sincere thanks, and nothing would give me more pleasure than to be there, but as that is not possible, I must respond by letter and assure you that I have great love for Bradford people for their kindness, hospitality, moral worth, and staunch friendship, which I shall never forget; and also, my loved ones that are there entombed—my wife, daughter, and son—make their memory fresh to my mind; and I remember the first school I taught sixty-five years ago, when I was about eighteen years old, and that was the beginning of a series of eight winters' teaching. I remember going through Bradford from Hillsborough, seventy years ago, when I was twelve years old, to Fishersfield, [now Newbury.] to my Uncle Leach's, and stayed all winter, and went across Lake Sunapee in winter; and I remember, too, of catching trout. I could tell a good deal more of interest about Bradford, but it would not be worth while, as you know it, perhaps, better than I could tell it. I close my remarks with thanks and love to all of E. K. Baxter's Bradford people.

I will now say to you, as committee, and through you to all

the people of Bradford, that I send my love, and hope the present generation will fulfil their mission as sons and daughters of their sires and grandsires, in like moral worth, and patriotic, noble lives; and that you may be prospered in all good works is the wish of your true friend and well-wisher.

E. K. BAXTER.

GRIGGSVILLE, ILLINOIS, SEPT. 7, 1887.

Messrs. { Charles F. Davis,
Horace K. Martin, } Committee.
George S. Morgan, }

Gentlemen:—

I received from you an invitation to attend the centennial celebration at Bradford on the 27th, Inst. for which I heartily thank you, and through you, the citizens of Bradford.

Nothing would give me more pleasure than to meet old friends and associates of the dear old town of Bradford. There are memories still fresh in my mind of scenes and acts that transpired in the good old town, that give me much pleasure to contemplate, and were it possible to be with you on that occasion and talk over the good and sociable times we then had together, and to see the young children [that were then children] grown to manhood and womanhood, and taking their fathers' and mothers' places in conducting the business of the day instead of fathers and mothers. But I shall be obliged to forego the great pleasure that I should enjoy in being with you on that interesting occasion. There are many friends in your town, some living, and some that have passed away, from whom I have received many favors for which I feel very grateful; and I should be most happy to meet them once more, but my health is very poor. I was very sick last winter; was confined to the house ten weeks, and have not fully recovered; I do not think I could stand the journey. I think my son Edwin may be with you on that occasion; he thinks now that he shall go if he can leave his business, I hope he will. I will now stop as I have already written more than I have for many months.

Hoping you will excuse me for taxing your patience so much, I will say in conclusion that I am seventy-five years old to-day;

this is my birth-day. You have my best wishes for the success of the celebration, for a success I know it will be, under the management of so competent a committee. Hoping that you will have good weather for the occasion, and thanking you again for your kind invitation,

I remain sincerely yours,

M. E. BAXTER.

LOWELL, SEPT. 22, 1887.

Messrs. C. F. Davis, H. K. Martin, and G. S. Morgan;

Gentlemen:—

I have delayed answering your letter inviting me to attend the one hundredth anniversary of the town of Bradford until this time, in the hopes that I shall be able to accept your kind invitation, but I am sorry to say that it will be impossible for me to do so. It would give me very great pleasure to be present and help to celebrate the centennial of the old town of Bradford, where I was born, and where I spent the happy days of boyhood, and where reposes the dust of my father and mother, my grandfather and great-grandfather. My great-grandfather was the second man that settled in the town of Bradford, and he built the second house that was built in the town. How well I can remember the old house; it stood where Mr. Allen Cressy's house stands now. There in the old house my dear mother was born, and there I was born; but the old house is gone and most of the friends and companions of my boyhood. I thank you for the invitation, and regret that I cannot be with you. My best wishes attend you, and may the celebration be a glorious success, and may it awaken a renewed interest in the prosperity of the town.

I remain yours truly,

H. B. BARNES.

BANCROFT, CUMMING CO., NEB., SEPT, 20, 1887.

Centennial Celebration Committee, Bradford, N. H.

Dear Sirs:—

Your very kind invitation is at hand, and I can assure you that it would give me great pleasure to be present and unite with you in your centennial celebration, for very "dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood, when fond recollections presents them to view;" but I am so far removed from them all that I shall be able to speak to you only through the medium of the pen. Since receiving your invitation, I have in memory reviewed many of the events of my earlier life in the old Granite State, and especially in your town, for the Lord has been very gracious unto me in sparing to me my natural faculties, my father having died when I was quite young, too young to remember him. I was, when but a mere child, thrown upon my own resources for a livelihood. My first experience was in the employ of Jonathan Hoyt, who was at that time living on the homestead with his father. I received as wages for my labor for the season three four-pence-ha'penies. I remember it as though it were but last cherry season. How that good old lady, whose name was many years, [and I presume is until this day,] familiar to every one in connection with a little "powder horn" story; how she used to tie one of those spacious pockets, such as were worn by our mothers and grandmothers in those days, around my waist and send me up into the cherry trees to pick cherries. When I was about ten years of age my oldest brother, Isaiah, married, and I went to live with him, and remained with him until I was of age, when I went to Francestown. It was while I was living with my brother that I formed the habit of smoking, thinking it very manly; but when my brother found it out he broke my pipe and forbid my using tobacco. Of course I felt very much wronged at the time, and have never since then used it in any form. After I became of age, and while I was in the employ of Dr. Thomas Eaton of Francestown, I resolved with one or two others to abstain during the haying season from the use of rum, which at that time was considered indispensable, especially for laboring men, and finding I was better able to work without than with it, discarded its use forever, and now, although eighty-one years old last April, I pass for a man of sixty and read and write without spectacles. After living nine years in Frances-

town, where I married my wife, I returned to Bradford, where I lived until August 1854, when I removed to the then new state of Iowa, from which place, after a residence of about thirty years, I came to Nebraska, the state which embraces the tract of country which but a few years ago was known as the great American Desert.

I wish I could give you a faint idea of how labor is performed in this new country. I cannot help contrasting the present with the past in regard to labor-saving machines and the great amount of work done with them; instead of dropping corn with the hand and covering it with the hoe, the horse planter is used. A year ago last spring as I was passing a man's corn field of seventy-five acres, I asked him if that was about an average sized field for this country, and he said he thought it was. I asked him if he had a good stand of corn, and he said all but fifty acres which he had to replant. He took his team and planter into the field one morning, and the next day about five o'clock the work of replanting was completed. The rows were one half mile long. When the corn was ripe, instead of hauling it to the barn to be husked evenings and rainy days, it is husked from the stalk in the field and thrown into wagons, in which it is carried to cribs holding in some instances thousands of bushels; and instead of being shelled on a pod-augar, shovel, frying-pan handle, or other device attached to a wash-tub, it is mostly shelled by horse-power machinery. Instead of the hand sickle we have the reaper and binder combined, with which a man and his wife can cut and shock two hundred acres of grain in a season, the woman driving the reaper, and the man doing the shocking. Instead of the scythe, hand rake, and hay-rack, we have the mower, hay-sweep, drawn by two horses, and stacker, with which my neighbor and his three boys, aged about ten, twelve, and twenty years, put up in one day, this season, thirty tons of hay. He said a full set of men, in heavy grass, would put up sixty tons in a day. They stack it in the field, in stacks ranging from ten to thirty-five tons. From the east door of my daughter's house in the village one can count over one hundred such stacks without turning the head. Our roads here are mostly made without any work at all, but in some low places grading is necessary, which is done with a machine worked by three men and twelve horses. I rode on one yesterday which was at work near the village; with it they made one half mile of road in a day, doing the work of fifty-nine scrapers with as many teams and men. I could not help thinking what a contrast between

that grader, and the one worked by two men, and used when I was a young man. Verily a man must go west to see modern improvements. Among other things which come to my mind is the remembrance of the first wagon brought to the town of Bradford, and owned by Esq. Raymond; also the one made by Peter Cook, and called Cook's quill-wheel. I could speak of many other things, but I fear I have already trespassed upon your time and patience, and will close by thanking you for your kind invitation, and asking to be kindly remembered to all who may remember me, especially to my brother Mitchell and family.

Wishing you a pleasant time on the 27th,

I remain yours truly.

JOHN MORSE.

P. S. The man that replanted the corn and put up the hay was from Nashua, N. H., and has two brothers here, all wealthy farmers.

We were unable to publish all the letters received, but in kindly remembrance we give below the names of those whose letters are not published.

Mrs. L. F. Upton,.....	Warner, N. H.
Mason Davis Esq.,.....	Cambridge, Mass.
Miss Addie H. Davis,.....	"
Thomas M. Davis,.....	"
William H. Davis,.....	"
E. F. Davis,.....	"
Norman G. Carr,.....	Concord, N. H.
J. A. Andrews, firm of Andrews Barker & Co., Boston, Mass.	
Edward W. Baxter,.....	Griggsville, Ill.
William B. Bement,.....	Philadelphia, Penn.
William Ward,.....	Stoneham, Mass.
Mr. & Mrs. N. F. Lund,.....	Concord, N. H.
Mrs. J. W. Osgood,.....	Stoneham, Mass.
Mrs. Olive S. Prescott,.....	Ripley, Maine.
Charles H. Prichard,.....	Fitchburg, Mass.
George W. Abbott,.....	Somerville, N. J.
Henry Foster,.....	Newport, N. H.
Mrs. S. E. Clement,.....	Hillsboro' Br. N. H.

N. C. Todd,	New London, N. H.
Ezariah Rowe,	Goffstown, N. H.
Almon Putney and family,	Deering, N. H.
H. A. Cressy,	Manchester, N. H.
Wm. H. Dole, Dole Fertilizer Co.	Boston, Mass.
Sidney J. Dowlin,	Henniker, N. H.
Jason Bagley,	Nashua, N. H.
Miss Abzina Eaton,	Sutton, N. H.
Mrs. James Wilkins,	Henniker, N. H.
Mrs. M. Anderson,	Lawrence, Mass.
James H. Dowlin,	West Henniker, N. H.
S. F. Lund,	Newport, N. H.
W. C. Sturoc Esq.,	Sunapee, N. H.
F. W. Hale,	Henniker, N. H.
Frank L. Griffin,	North Sutton, N. H.
George H. Brockway,	Pratt's Station N. Y.
Hartwell Tuttle,	Hancock, N. H.
Mrs. L. G. Stanley,	Salem, Mass.
Mrs. Augusta W. Brown,	Amherst, N. H.
W. S. Hart,	Hawk's Park, Fla.
C. R. Andrews Agt. W. A. Woods'Harvester,	Lawrence, Kan.
J. W. Bray,	Gloucester, Mass.
A. B. Jenny,	Windsor, Vt.
Mr. & Mrs. W. S. Richardson,	Lowell, Mass.
P. C. Wheeler Esq.,	Warner, N. H.
Mrs. Almira Shattuck Albee,	Claremont, N. H.
Henry B. Ward,	Boston, Mass.
Frank Bartlett and family,	Warner, N. H.
F. T. Sawyer,	Milford, N. H.
E. H. Marshall,	Eldora, Iowa.
H. W. Carter,	Lebanon, N. H.
Corodon Spaulding,	Canton, Mass.
Chas. P. Pike,	Hillsboro', Br. N. H.
Mr. & Mrs. Obed Kimball,	" "
Mrs. Lewis S. Crosby,	Hyde Park, Mass.
Mrs. M. F. Gardner,	Sunapee, N. H.
Mrs. H. G. Moulton,	Stoneham, Mass.
Mrs. C. C. Tappan,	Warner, N. H.
Fred R. Felch, Atty.,	Derry Depot, N. H.
Joel Ward,	Charlestown, N. H.
Mrs. Lydia Stone,	South Sutton, N. H.

Miss Abbie W. Ingalls,.....	Nashua, N. H.
Mrs. Emeline A. T. Bean,.....	Warner, N. H.
Mr. & Mrs. E. E. Hoyt,.....	Penacook, N. H.
Mrs. Ellen E. Maxfield,.....	Nashua, N. H.
Col. B. P. Burpee,.....	Manchester, N. H.
Mr. & Mrs. Stephen Austin,.....	Manchester, N. H.
Isaiah Hoyt,.....	East Providence, R. I.
Mr. & Mrs. H. C. Brown,.....	Claremont, N. H.
Miss Mary D. Andrews,.....	Concord, N. H.
Mrs. Margaret Parkhurst,.....	Bedford, N. H.
Mrs. Asa Sargent,.....	Warner, N. H.
Mr. & Mrs. Mary J. Brown,.....	" "
Henry F. Presby,.....	Henniker, "
Mark Pope,.....	Charlestown, "
Mrs. H. Sprague,.....	Boston, Mass.
Miss Myra Perkins,.....	Keene, N. H.
Mrs. Olive H. Brown,.....	Stoneham, Mass.
Augustus Wilson and family,.....	Amherst, N. H.
Mrs. E. Rowe,.....	Warner, "
L. A. Presby.....	Billerica. Mass.
Mrs. Wm. G. Wilder,.....	Clinton, "
Ruel C. Pike,.....	San Francisco, Cal.
Wm. L. Sweatt,.....	Arlington, Mass.
James A. Smith,.....	Wilmot Flat, N. H.
Mrs. D. W. Kilburn,.....	Boston, Mass.
George W. Rowe,.....	Newport, N. H.
D. F. Cressy,.....	Manchester, "
Mrs. John B. Handy.....	" "

HYMN.

Sung at close of Centennial Celebration.

AULD LANG SYNE.

We bring Thee here, our father's God,
 Our tribute warm and deep;
 Where once our sires in vigor trod,
 Where now in death they sleep.

CHORUS.

Of Auld Lang Syne we sing,
 Of Auld Lang Syne;
 We'll drop a tear in memory here
 Of Auld Lang Syne.

Hard by their graves the altar grew,
 A temple large and free;
 And here in joys and sorrows true,
 They paid their vows to Thee.

CHORUS.

And this till death their only fold,
 Thy praise their only aim.
 Through summer's heat or winter's cold
 The long procession came.

CHORUS.

But now, O Lord, not here they call,
 Nor throng nor sacred fane;
 To-day these graves alone of all
 That busy scene remain.

CHORUS.

But o'er their dust we pray that we
 May touch Thy garment hem;
 And the same voice acknowledge Thee
 That bids farewell to them.

CHORUS.

And since our sires through all the past
 Were safe to rest or roam,
 We trust our fathers' God at last
 Will bring their children home.

CHORUS.

THE HILLS OF SOUTH BRADFORD.

By Dr. Weston, a former resident of South Bradford.

The Hills of South Bradford, how nobly they rise,
Unequalled in grandeur, unrivalled in size,
On the west noble Sunapee raises his brow
And calmly looks down on the valleys below.

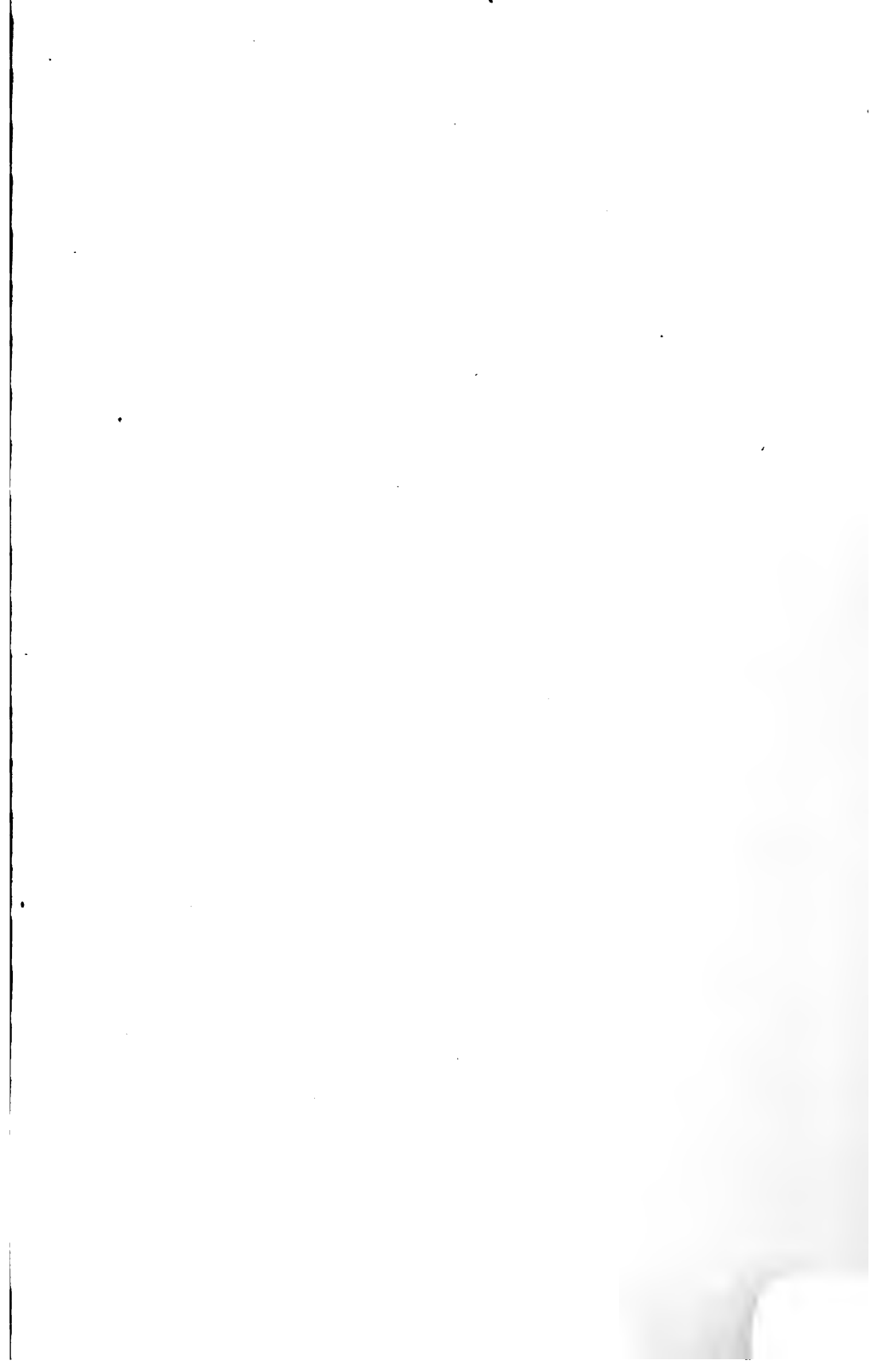
Hence onward outstretching to Henniker line,
They rear their proud summits and splendidly shine
As they catch the first gleam of the sun's early ray,
Or throw back his light at the close of the day.

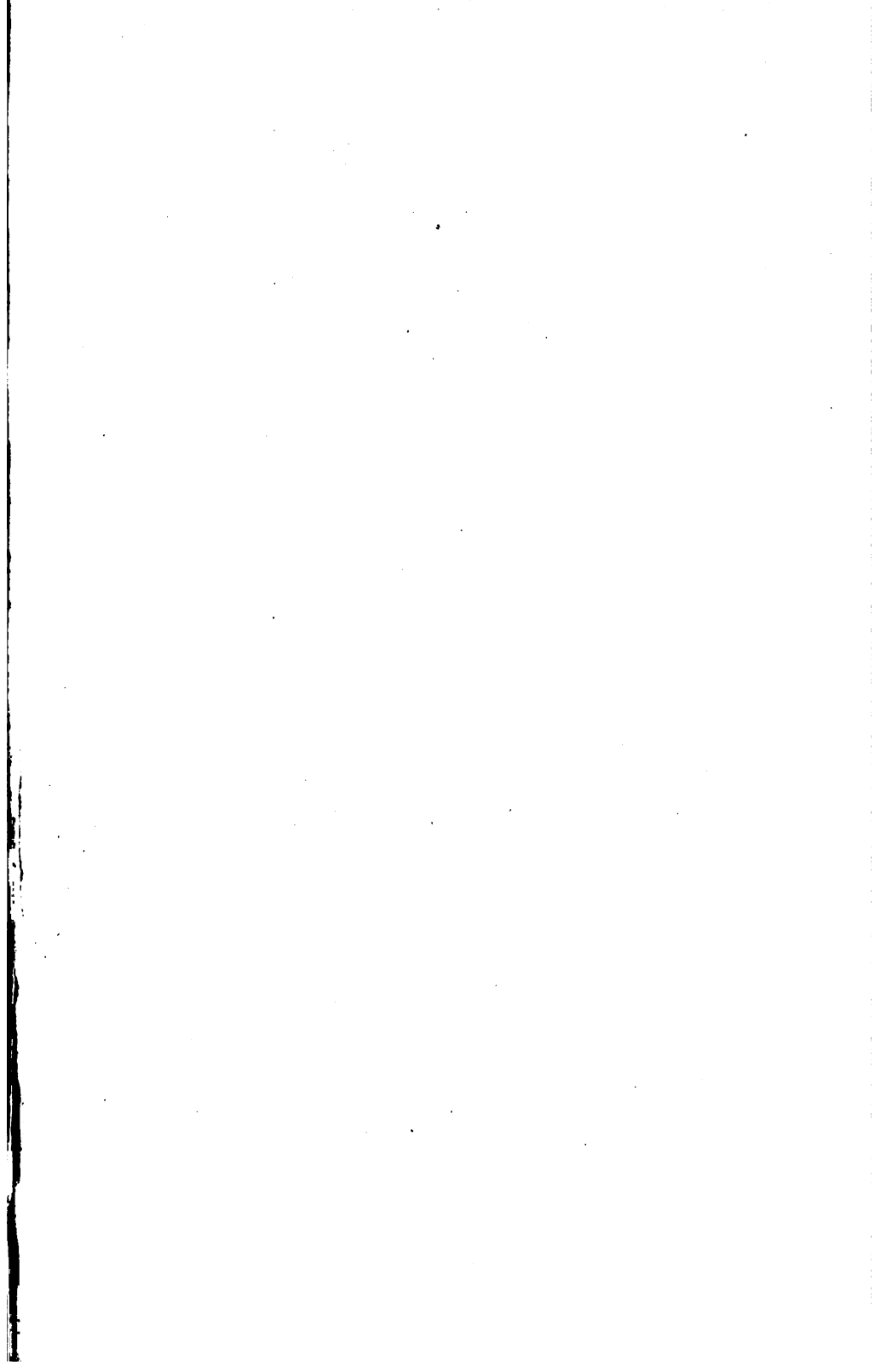
Across these broad highlands 'tis pleasant to roam,
Where the cattle and sheep find shelter and home;
In groves which now shelter the partridge and hare,
Where once prowled the wildcat and ravaged the bear

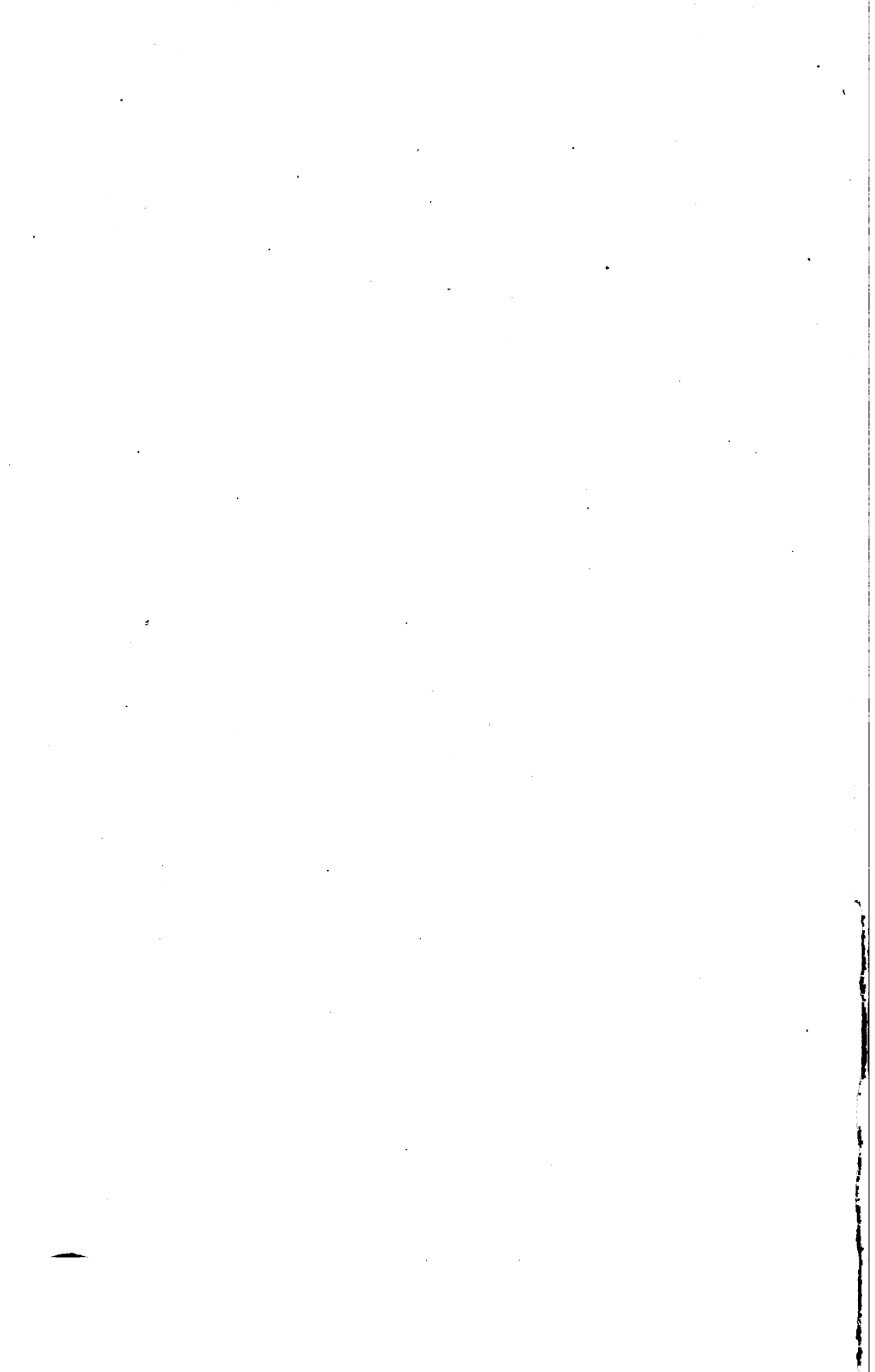
While ages successive of white men and red
Have risen and flourished and sunk to the dead;
Everlasting these hills! here they stand and have stood
On their granite foundations unchanged since the
flood.

And still as the torrent of ages rolls on,
When all now alive, to oblivion have gone,
These hills in their glory yet here will remain
And send down their streams to enliven the plain.

And when the last trumpet its clangor shall sound.
And flames all unearthly the globe shall surround;
Oh, then it must happen, but never before,
That the hills of South Bradford, shall flourish no
more.









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